

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

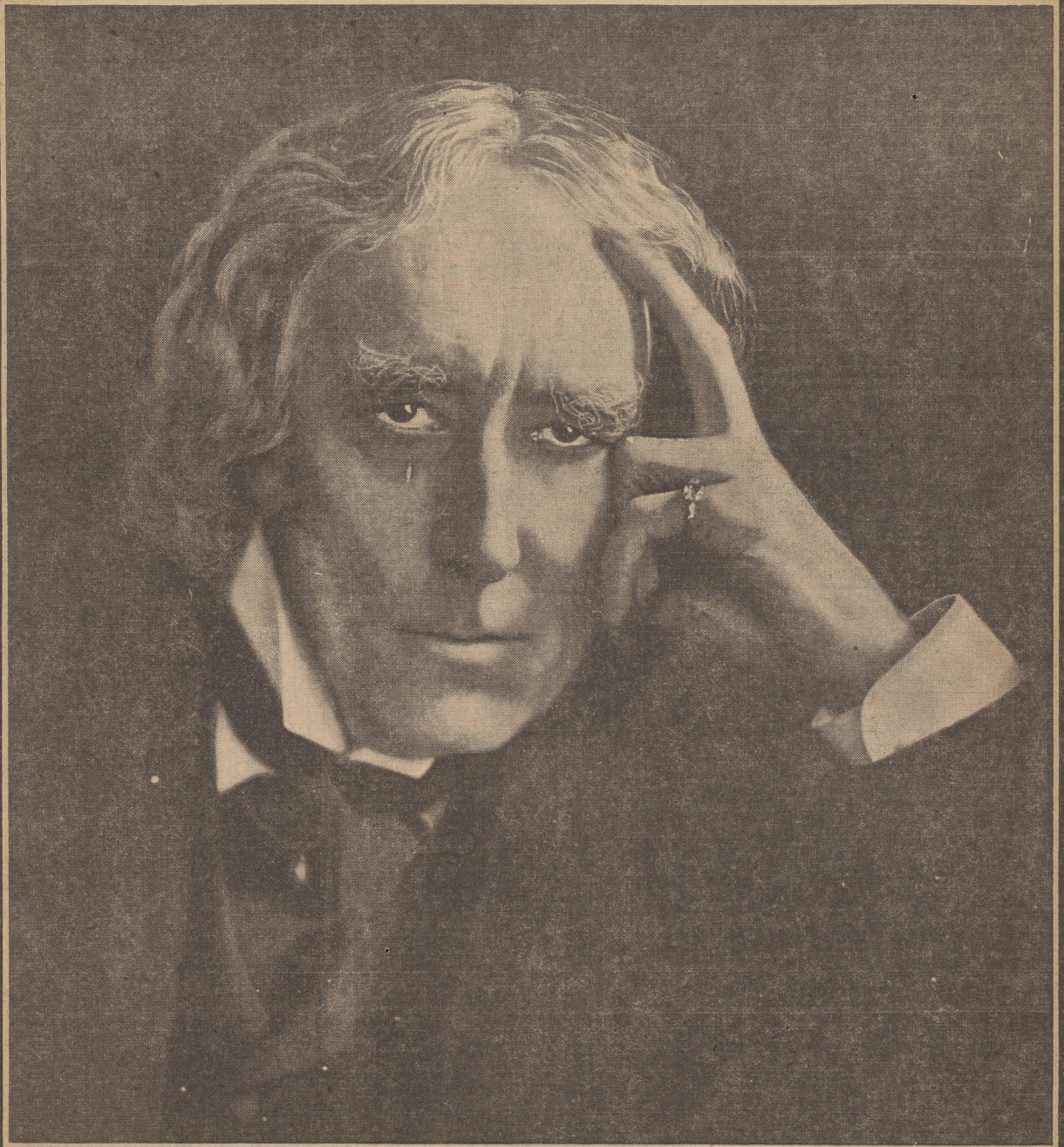
No. 610

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1905.

One Half penny.

SIR HENRY IRVING'S DEATH: "INTO THY HANDS, O LORD—INTO THY HANDS."—(His last words on the stage.)



After fifty years, out of a life of sixty-eight years, spent on the stage, Sir Henry Irving fulfilled his wish—he died in harness. An hour before death came he was on the stage playing "Becket" at the Theatre Royal, Bradford. The doctor had warned him that his heart was weak, and in several plays, notably "The Bells," he was strictly ordered to exert himself as little as possible. The present tour was to have been the last in the English provinces, and after another visit to the United States next summer Sir Henry had intended to retire from the stage. It was his great wish to found a municipal theatre.—(Histed.)

PERSONAL.

BERTIE.—Write to Frank, looking to hear.—EIDER.—Is your pencil a Kohl-Noor, or only an imitation?—Hastings.—
ACCEPT, forgive, snore! tribute. Heart's since. Lovingly, eternally YOURS.
UNDERSTOOD.—Grateful! Disturbed, but utterly loyal. Beware production. Nature here.
MISSING.—Should this reach the eye of anyone who wishes to reach a friend or relative, who has disappeared abroad, in the Colonies, or in the United States, let him address the "Over-Sea Daily Mail," which reaches every town in the whole world where any English-speaking person is to be found. Specimen copy and terms on application to Advertising Department, "Over-Sea Daily Mail," 3, Cannon Row, London, E.C.

* The above advertisements are received up to 2 p.m., and are charged at the rate of nine words for 1s. 6d., and 2d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the notice or sent by post with postal order. Specimen copy and terms in Personal Column eight words for 4s., and 6d. per word after.—Address Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 12, Whitehall, London.

THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—MR. TREE.
TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING AT 8.30.

Charles Dickens' *OLIVER TWIST*.
Dramatised by J. Conyns Carr.

Fagin Mr. TREE.
Nancy Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER.

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.15.
Box Office (Mr. Watts) open 10 to 10.

IMPERIAL.—MR. LEWIS WALLER.

TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.
An Original Play, ALFRED TENNYSON, entitled
"THE PERFECT LOVER."
Mr. LEWIS WALLER, Miss EVELYN MILLARD.

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.30.
Box-office open, 10 to 10. Tel. 3,193 and 3,194 Gerard.

ST. JAMES'S.—MR. AND MRS. KENDAL.

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. George Alexander.
TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.
"THE HOUSEKEEPER."
A Farce by Metcalfe Wood and Beatrice Heron-Maxwell.
FIRST MATINEE, SATURDAY NEXT, at 2.30.

SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.

Sole Lessee and Manager, THOMAS W. RILEY.
Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER's company, at 8.30.
"IN THE WALLS OF JERICHO," by Alfred Burt.
MATINEE EVERY WED. and SAT. at 2.30.

COLISEUM.—CHARING CROSS.

PROGRAMME AT 3 P.M. AND 8 P.M.
MADAME ALICE ESTY at her magnificent Musical
Scene from "I Trovatore." GRAND MILITARY TATTOO
by Regiments representing England, Scotland, Ireland, and
France. MISS MAGGIE LINDEN in her MY IRISH
Maid, O'Connell, and "THE EVOLUTION OF RAGTIME."
Orchestral and Choral Settings by Hamish McCunn of
"THE WRECK OF THE ESPERER." MISS MABEL
LOVE in "THE WISHING GIRL." CHARMING NEW
VARIETIES.

PROGRAMME AT 8 P.M.
Grand Production, "The Ancient Mystery Play" "JOSEPH
AND HIS BRETHREN," with magnificent Choral and
Orchestral Accompaniment. "THE MAID OF THE
MOON," and Irresponsible Musical Comedy. Orchestral
Setting by Hamish McCunn of "THE WRECK OF THE
ESPERER." GRAND MILITARY TATTOO by Regiments
representing England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.
THE AMERICAN BIOSCOPE. CHARMING NEW
VARIETIES.
COLISEUM.—CHARING CROSS.
PRICES: Boxes, 2s. 6d.; 1st, 1s. 6d.; 2nd, 1s.; 3rd, 6d.; 4th, 3d.; 5th, 2d.; 6th, 1d.; 7th, 6d.; 8th, 3d.; 9th, 2d.; 10th, 1d.; 11th, 6d.; 12th, 3d.; 13th, 2d.; 14th, 1d.; 15th, 6d.; 16th, 3d.; 17th, 2d.; 18th, 1d.; 19th, 6d.; 20th, 3d.; 21st, 2d.; 22nd, 1d.; 23rd, 6d.; 24th, 3d.; 25th, 2d.; 26th, 1d.; 27th, 6d.; 28th, 3d.; 29th, 2d.; 30th, 1d.; 31st, 6d.; 32nd, 3d.; 33rd, 2d.; 34th, 1d.; 35th, 6d.; 36th, 3d.; 37th, 2d.; 38th, 1d.; 39th, 6d.; 40th, 3d.; 41st, 2d.; 42nd, 1d.; 43rd, 6d.; 44th, 3d.; 45th, 2d.; 46th, 1d.; 47th, 6d.; 48th, 3d.; 49th, 2d.; 50th, 1d.; 51st, 6d.; 52nd, 3d.; 53rd, 2d.; 54th, 1d.; 55th, 6d.; 56th, 3d.; 57th, 2d.; 58th, 1d.; 59th, 6d.; 60th, 3d.; 61st, 2d.; 62nd, 1d.; 63rd, 6d.; 64th, 3d.; 65th, 2d.; 66th, 1d.; 67th, 6d.; 68th, 3d.; 69th, 2d.; 70th, 1d.; 71st, 6d.; 72nd, 3d.; 73rd, 2d.; 74th, 1d.; 75th, 6d.; 76th, 3d.; 77th, 2d.; 78th, 1d.; 79th, 6d.; 80th, 3d.; 81st, 2d.; 82nd, 1d.; 83rd, 6d.; 84th, 3d.; 85th, 2d.; 86th, 1d.; 87th, 6d.; 88th, 3d.; 89th, 2d.; 90th, 1d.; 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AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, ETC.

ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS, "HENGELERS,"
OXFORD-CIRCUS. W. Over 200 Acting and Performing
Animals. Daily 5 and 8. Prices from 6d. Children
half-price. Tel. 4030 and 4130 Gerard.

"Jumbo Junior," Society's latest pet, "At Home" daily.
MASELYNE and DEVANT'S MYSTERIES
(late Maseklyne and Cooke's). St. George's Hall, Lang-
ham-place, daily, at 8. Tremendous success of "The
Black Moth." The enchanted life, and other new
features. Prices, 1s. to 5s.

THE PLEASANTEST RESORT IN LONDON,
WELL ACRES OF COVERED BUILDINGS.

NAVAL, SHIPPING, AND FISHERIES
EXHIBITION EARLS COURT.
11 a.m. till 10.30 p.m. Admission 1s. 6d. 2s. 6d.
BAND OF H.M. 21st LANCERS.
EXHIBITION NAVAL, SHIPPING, AND FISHERIES.

LAST 6 DAYS. BATTLESHIP.
LAST 6 DAYS. BATTLESHIP.
LAST 6 DAYS. BATTLESHIP.
LAST 6 DAYS. BATTLESHIP.
LAST 6 DAYS. BATTLESHIP.

IN THE EMPRESS HALL.
THE SUCCESS OF THE SEASON.
PANGLOSS BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.
GREAT RED INDIAN VILLAGE.

POLYTECHNIC, REGENT-STREET. W.
TO-DAY 11 A.M. DAILY at 5.
WEST'S GRAND ANIMATOGRAPH ENTERTAINMENT.
OUR NAVAL AND OUR ARMY.
MAGNIFICENT NEW PICTURES.

Our Navy 100 years ago and to-day.

THE DEATH OF SIR HENRY IRVING.

Abbey Funeral Suggested for
England's Greatest Actor.

THE LAST SCENE.

Final Words on the Stage—"Into
Thy Hands, O Lord."

Shall the body of Sir Henry Irving rest among the most honoured sons of England in the hallowed precincts of Westminster Abbey?

An Abbey funeral is, of course, a more signal mark of respect to the dead than it once was, but the feeling is universal that Sir Henry Irving, whose dramatic taking-off at Bradford last Friday night has moved the heart of the whole English-speaking world, has well deserved an honour appropriate only to the greatest men of our race.

In this great English pantheon there already lie the bones of more than one great actor. Nance Oldfield is the only ornament of the stage actually buried in the Abbey, but in the precincts lie the remains of Mrs. Cibber, of Thomas Betterton, and the famous Mrs. Bracegirdle (about whom all the chaffs of Charles II.'s Court raved), of Barton Booth, and Mr. and Mrs. Barry Poole.

David Garrick, the only English actor to compare with Irving, is commemorated in Poet's Corner with two others long forgotten. In the Chapel of St. Andrew are statues of John Kemble and the great Mrs. Siddons.

Incomparably greater than most of these, and equal to the greatest, it would be only fitting that Sir Henry Irving—the man who raised the whole tone of the English stage, the first actor on whom an English monarch has conferred the honour of knighthood—should have his niche in the temple of our national heroes.

Meanwhile nothing has been arranged as to the funeral—either as to place or time, though Thursday is a probable date. Mr. Bram Stoker, Sir Henry's manager and literary adviser, says a decision will probably be made to-day. From all sides tributes of admiration and telegrams of condolence have poured in on the family, and on every hand Sir Henry's death is treated, not as a loss merely to the stage, but to the whole nation.

HOW SIR HENRY DIED.

Never did a life close more dramatically than that of Sir Henry Irving. Half an hour before he died he was playing in the last scene of Tennyson's "Becket."

There the martyred Archbishop, wounded to the death by the ruffian Barons, falls on his knees with the words:—

At the right hand of Power. Power and great glory—For Thy Church, O Lord—Into Thy hands, O Lord—Into Thy hands.

And then Becket falls prone on the stage by the side of the altar. Sir Henry Irving on Friday night had played with perhaps more than his usual power, but some people had noticed a certain change in his voice. They recall also that his recent performances at Sheffield and Bradford had told heavily on him, and that in "The Bells" the

night before he had delivered many of the passages seated, instead of pacing the stage with his usual physical energy.

Still, there was no sign of debility till the curtain had descended. Then it was noticed that Sir Henry had fallen not on the stage, but on the steps of the altar. He did not rise, too, so quickly as usual. The attendant who helped observed that his hand was cold.

He made no reply to inquiries as to whether he was ill, but went to the dressing-room, and thence to the cab waiting outside. His valet went with him, at Sir Henry's special invitation.

At the Midland Hotel Sir Henry made a false step, and leaned heavily on the valet's arm. He was evidently exhausted. Once inside he said, "Please give me a chair." They were his last words. In a few minutes, without a murmur, he had passed away.

The sorrow and dismay that spread with the news among the members of his company were an eloquent witness to the almost filial reverence in which the great actor was held by his colleagues. "He was a father to us" was the general sentiment, and with tears running down their cheeks men and women were heard telling how Sir Henry all his life was never too great to overlook a humble acquaintance in distress.

TOWNSPEOPLE'S SYMPATHY.

His sons, Mr. H. B. Irving and Mr. Laurence Irving, were summoned by telegraph. Mr. Irving, who was to have taken part in the dress rehearsal of "Lights Out," at the Waldorf Theatre, left immediately for Bradford, and the first performance of the play, which should have taken place to-night, has been postponed until after Sir Henry's funeral. Mr. Laurence Irving was at Bristol, where he and his wife were engaged to recite at the musical festival. They left for Bradford directly the sad news reached them.

The body was removed from Bradford to London on Saturday night amid a remarkable manifestation of respectful sympathy on the part of the townspeople, who reverently uncovered as the coffin passed. As for the actors and actresses they wept outright, almost like children bemoaning the loss of a father. On arrival in London in the early morning the coffin was conveyed to Sir Henry's residence in Stratton-street, Piccadilly.

PROPHETIC LAST SPEECH.

Sir Henry Irving's last public speech was strangely prophetic. Replying to an address presented by the Mayor of Bradford two days before his death, he used one singular sentence:—

"I may say this, and I say it as one the sands of whose working life are running fast."

Sir Henry's last telegram was read at the Actors' Association meeting at Manchester on Friday. Mr. Cyril Maude, jestingly referring to the actor's disregard for popular superstitions, pointed out that the meeting was held on Friday, the 13th, at the thirteenth-hour of the day, and commenced exactly at thirteen minutes past the hour. He little thought that the "13" would be fatal to the stage's most brilliant ornament.

Sir Henry's last act of kindness was to append his autograph on Friday night to a large crayon portrait of himself done by a Bradford boy artist.

A PUBLIC MEMORIAL.

A meeting of actor-managers and leading representatives of the theatrical profession was held last night at the Garrick Club, at which the subject of a permanent memorial was discussed.

The question of a public statue was suggested, but definite details were held over for decision at later meetings, the first of which will be held at the residence of Sir Charles Wyndham to-day. Among those present were Sir Squire Bancroft, Sir Charles Wyndham, Mr. Tree, and Mr. J. Forbes-Robertson.

LOVE SCENE BEFORE THE JUDGE.

Gallay, the Absconding Bank Clerk
Blows Kisses to His Sweetheart.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Sunday Night.—The affairs of Gallay, the ingenious bank clerk who stole £150,000 and fled in a yacht to South America, are still exciting the greatest interest.

Gallay keeps up the rôle of a devoted lover. Yesterday he again came before M. Bourdeau, the judge d'instruction. Mme. Merelli, the married woman who accompanied him on his yacht, was also examined, and her presence gave Gallay an opportunity for his exuberant and theatrical gallantry.

It was the first time Gallay had seen her since his arrival in Paris, and he looked at her with unutterable tenderness. She on her part was equally theatrical.

"Can I kiss him?" she asked.
"Do nothing of the kind," said the unsympathetic magistrate.

LANDLADY'S SIREWAD SUSPICION.

Madame shrugged her shapely shoulders. "Never mind, my beloved, we shall be able to kiss each other another time," said Madame. "At any rate"—turning to the magistrate—"you cannot prevent me sending him a kiss."

And she kissed her hand to Gallay, who smiled and returned the salute.

Of the criminal witnesses was "Milady," the woman who kept the house where Gallay met and made love to Mme. Merelli. She said Gallay used to spend money as if it were water, but for all that she had a suspicion that he was no millionaire, but a dishonest clerk.

"Why?" she was asked. "Because," was the reply, "a real millionaire doesn't get up at seven every morning, however bad the weather may be." The witness spoke of mysterious strangers, burned documents, and a visit of Gallay and Mme. Merelli to London last June. He was then already looking out for a yacht.

Mme. Merelli was then examined. "Did she know who Gallay was?" she was asked. "No," she replied. "I thought he was rich, but, rich or poor, I should have loved him just the same, the poor dear!"

Here followed a dozen kisses blown in Gallay's direction. When the examination was finished she passed before her lover and took his hand fervently. At the door she turned round, threw some more kisses, and cried, "I am yours, love, yours for ever."

WILL WRITE A NOVEL.

She has a literary turn, and intends to put, while in gaol, the finishing touches to a novel she is writing. She has asked for books, among which are Herbert Spencer's Principles and some volumes of German philosophy.

Just after her departure a painful scene took place. A woman, in a black dress, was allowed by the magistrate to enter the room. It was the much-injured wife of Gallay. The latter held out his hand, and the unhappy woman took it. She seemed to feel no rancour.

"How are you?" she asked.
"Very well. How are you—and the children?" said Gallay.

"I wanted to send you some provisions," said the poor woman, "but the judge will not let me." Tears ran down her cheeks as she withdrew.

Gallay admits that he stole £35,000 from the Comptoir d'Escompte alone, but denies that he had any accomplice.

PEACE AT LAST.

Tsar and Mikado, by Their Signatures,
Officially End the War.

WASHINGTON, Saturday.—Telegrams have been received here stating that the Emperor of Russia and the Emperor of Japan this morning appended their signatures to duplicate copies of the Peace Treaty, thus officially ending the war.

The news was conveyed to the State Department by Baron von Rosen, the Russian Ambassador, and Mr. Takahira, the Japanese Minister.

While these proceedings are to be regarded as a step towards an exchange of ratifications, it will probably be a month or two before the representatives of Russia and Japan actually exchange copies of the treaty signed by their respective Sovereigns, and it is possible that Mr. Takahira will in the meantime go on leave of absence to Japan.—Reuter.

MR. CARLILE AND THE MAORI.

"Little wonder the Maori quells the Briton, while Nelson asks: Is it to be the laurel of victory or the cypress of the tomb?"

So the Rev. W. Carlile concluded his address on "The New Zealanders" at St. Mary's last night, the speech consisting of a fervent appeal to his congregation to "buck up."

MURDER OF PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Reported in Paris To Have Been
Killed at Tiflis.

A PICTURESQUE FIGURE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Sunday.—Great sensation has been caused here by a report published in the "Caporal" that Prince Louis Napoleon has been assassinated at Tiflis.

Prince Louis has of late years been regarded as the most serious menace to the French Republic.

He was the great-nephew of Napoleon I., and son of Princess Clotilde. His brother is "Prince Victor Napoleon, the present Pretender, who dwells in a house furnished with relics of 'the Little Corporal.'"

Prince Louis was born at the Chateau de Meudon July 16, 1864. He first of all completed his military service in the French army. He dreamed of a great and distinguished career in that army, but the dream was cut short by the expulsion from Republican territory of his father, Prince Napoleon, the poor "Plon Plon" who quarrelled with every one, and who declared on his deathbed that he had "succeeded in nothing, not even in dying."

FRIEND OF THE TSAR.

Prince Louis followed his father into exile in Italy, and joined the Italian army. In 1889 he resigned his commission, travelled to St. Petersburg, and offered his sword to the Tsar.

On the accession of Nicholas II. to the throne of Russia in 1894 the chance of Prince Louis came. The Tsar grew to like the serious, determined young officer and soon made him his major-general in command of the "Empress Alexandra-Feodorovna" Life Guards.

In 1899 the Tsar addressed a curious letter to Prince Louis Napoleon, setting forth his Majesty's hope that every year would bring the Prince nearer to that period of his life when he could realise the wishes of his friends, "who are as numerous in France as in Russia."

When the Boer war broke out Major-General Buonaparte approached his imperial master with a favour to ask.

"What is it you wish?" demanded the Tsar.

"A year's furlough, sire," replied Prince Louis. His Majesty thought a moment, and then smilingly shook his head. "The absence," he said, "for so long a period of one of my most brilliant officers might occasion remark, and might even be wrongly interpreted."

So the sword which was intended for service under General Joubert against the English was never offered.

UNIQUE BALLOON RACE.

Delay Due to Dense Crowds Prevents Mr.
Leslie Bucknall from Starting.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Sunday.—The great international long-distance balloon race was held to-day at the Tuilleries Gardens under the auspices of the Aero Club.

The crowd in the reserved area was so dense that the aeronauts had great difficulty in getting to their balloons. Indeed, so much delay was caused that Mr. Leslie Bucknall, the only English competitor, and Mr. F. Lash, the representative of America, found they could not get away in time and declared "off."

Fourteen French balloons ascended, one Russian, one Spanish, and one Italian.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

"The Navy is as much Natal's as if she paid £35,000,000 towards its maintenance instead of £35,000."—Lord Selborne at Durban.

The Russian Government have decided to confiscate the 9,700 muskets recovered from the steamer John Grafton, wrecked off the coast of Finland under mysterious circumstances.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan, through the United States Ambassador, has offered £25,000 for the sufferers in the Italian earthquake disaster. Terrible storms continue to devastate the shaken regions, and further severe shocks of earthquake are reported.

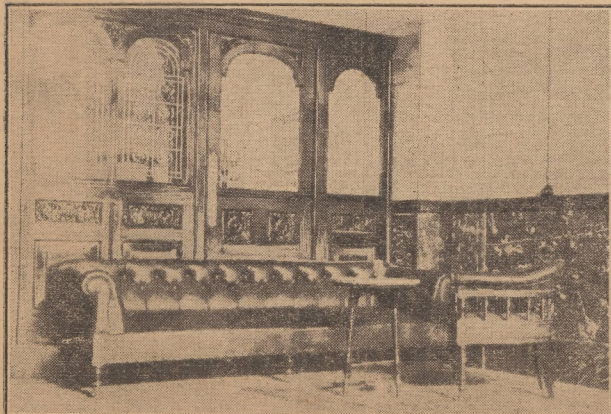
A Hungarian lunatic twice shot Mr. Gregory Hollier, an artist from Somersetshire, while Mr. Hollier was waiting for a tramcar at Buffalo, U.S.A. Both bullets flattened at the base of the skull, which was uninjured. (The lunatic then committed suicide.)

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Strong north-westerly wind; a gale in places; some squalls of rain, sleet, or snow, then fair; colder; frost at night.

Lighting-up time: 6.4 p.m.
Sea passages will be rough, with high tides on the East coast.

THE COUCH ON WHICH SIR HENRY IRVING DIED.



The couch in the hall at the Midland Hotel, Bradford, upon which Sir Henry Irving died.

DIARY OF AGONY.

Terrible Record of the Anguish of a Victim of Drink.

Before poisoning himself with oxalic acid at Greenwich, Harry William Best, an accountant, employed by the L. B. and S. C. Railway Company at London Bridge, left behind him the following remarkable revelations of his agonies:—

October 6, 3 p.m.—How terribly sad! Seven months' pain with this disease. No hope, and no insomnia. Wake in the darkness at night, or else a lot of drink with a dose of medicine. A few hours' respite, and then the reaction. My God, what have I done to deserve this? Seem to be under a curse. It is hard, with my prospects so bright, to be struck with this affliction. My brain seems to be giving way under the terrible strain. What will occur?

10 p.m.—Have seen the doctor. Bottle of strong nerve tonic. He says that insomnia through my silly imagination, and that my complaint is of a serious nature. Well, suffering for seven months with a gnawing and occasionally agonising affection cannot be working of the imagination, but still he was very cheerful. Three weeks ago I was T.T. for six days to assist the medicine for the accused complaint, but not the slightest improvement. Then no insomnia; that came after. I am now going to bed, with a prayer to God to give me a good night's sleep. If I don't sleep, then I must fly to drink. It disgusts me, but sleep I must.

October 7, 3.30.—Miserable. Throat parched. Good God, pity me, and give me some relief! 7 p.m.—Had a bottle or two of beer with Fred, and bit more cheerful. Chest is oppressive, get some cough mixture.

10 p.m.—Agony. Can hardly move, and this is what they call my imagination—and the night before me.

4.30 a.m.—Coughing all night, and no sleep. Rum and whisky won't send me off. I got lots of cough mixture. God Almighty, take me away! Terrible thoughts of self-destruction passed through my brain.

8.30.—Still very bad.—H. W. Best.

At Saturday's inquest a verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity was returned.

THE KING IN LONDON.

Opportunities to the Public to Bid God-Speed to the Prince and Princess.

When the King arrived at Euston on Saturday afternoon thousands of anxious eyes were turned in his direction, and it was observed that his Majesty appeared to be still suffering from the effects of his recent cold.

The Queen arrived from Copenhagen in the evening, and last night there was a farewell dinner-party to the Prince and Princess of Wales, who will leave for India next Thursday.

London will have many opportunities of seeing their Majesties this week. To-day, accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales, they will visit the City to lay the foundation-stone of the new Post Office building. At 12.20 their Majesties will be received at Holborn Bars by the Lord Mayor and aldermen.

On Wednesday the King and Queen leave Buckingham Palace at noon, and proceed by the Mall, Pall Mall, and the Strand, to Kingsway, which his Majesty will declare open to the public.

On Thursday the King and Queen will bid farewell to the Prince and Princess of Wales at Victoria Station at 11.40 on their departure for India.

FATAL MILITARY BLUNDER.

Two Squadrons of Hussars Dash Into Each Other at Curragh Camp.

An extraordinary and unaccountable mishap at manoeuvres, involving loss of life, has occurred at Curragh Camp, Co. Kildare.

A squadron of the 19th Hussars and a squadron of the 11th Hussars dashed into each other. Private Sanderson, of the 19th Hussars, one of the best all-round men in the regiment, had his neck broken, another private had his ankle smashed, a horse of the 11th Hussars was killed.

Through an error the 19th Hussars galloped out into the plain and rode down the squadron of the 11th Hussars, which was acting as escort to the guns.

Men, horses, and guns became entangled in indescribable confusion, and it was some time before they could resume a semblance of order.

THE KING TO VISIT THE RIVIERA.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Sunday.—It is stated freely at Cannes that King Edward has decided to spend part of the winter on the Riviera.

Extensive alterations are reported in progress at the chateau of "Laurene," which is said to belong to "Lord Redell," and this is associated specially with a prospective tenancy by his Majesty.

DUEL STOPPED AT A COST OF 5s.

Lord Kimberley and Colonel Sapwell Make Peace with Honour, and Challenges Are Withdrawn.

There will be no duel between Lord Kimberley and Mr. Sapwell of the Norfolk County Council.

Since Lord Kimberley challenged Mr. Sapwell to step over to France and settle a difference of opinion over the structural designs for the Norwich Shire Hall last Saturday week, the Norfolk councillors in particular, and the rest of England in general, had been waiting for the meeting of those two bellicose persons.

"Cur and coward!" Lord Kimberley had shouted at Mr. Sapwell. Mr. Sapwell was undismayed.

He suggested that a private room and a copy of the Queensberry rules would be sufficient for a settlement of the quarrel. More than that, he went so far as to raise a threatening fist.

"Don't strike me," shouted the Earl, lifting a protecting arm.

Fellow-councillors intervened, and so there was no bloodshed.

A week passed, and then, on Saturday, the parties met again, for the meeting of the council committee at Norwich brought them together.

The old-world country town was alive with excitement, and people who saw Mr. Sapwell walking through the main street wondered if he were going to his death.

Would it mean coffee and pistols for two, or coffee for one, or would only a few brisk rounds with

Sapwell sat in the hall of the hotel and conversed on crops and racehorses, of which he is a noted breeder, whilst Lord Kimberley and his son, Lord Wodehouse, were closeted in the smoking-room.

Anxious waiters, managers, and visitors at the hotel parolled the corridors. Whatever happened a barrier, even though a living one, must be maintained between the fire-eaters.

Presently a messenger, great with important news, made his way to where Mr. Sapwell sat in the hall. A few hurried words, and the councillor repaired to the private room.

More anxious moments passed, and he returned to his seat, while Lord Kimberley made his way to the fatal chamber.

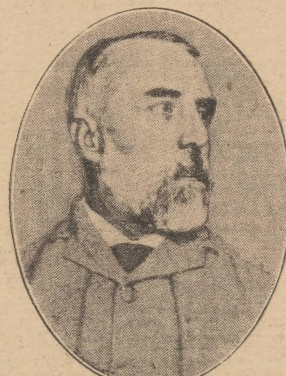
A somewhat longer interview took place. Then once more the messenger appeared. Mr. Sapwell was summoned.

Carrying his life in one hand and his hat in the other, the plucky councillor entered the apartment in which Lord Kimberley was waiting.

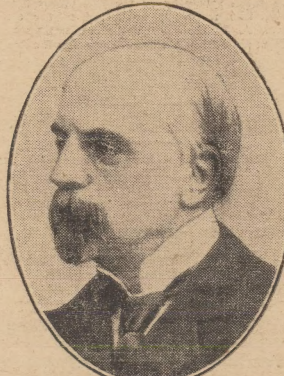
A waiter who saw the door close behind him dropped his tray with fright. The managers turned pale and went upstairs.

All that happened inside no one knows. No sounds of tumult came through the keyhole, so it is safe to say that no chairs were thrown.

It may be concluded that compliments were exchanged instead of bullets, for Lord Kimberley and Mr. Sapwell came out of the room talking about the weather in a most friendly manner. Sir William



COLONEL SAPWELL.



LORD KIMBERLEY.

flats follow the meeting? One man even went as far as to announce that he had heard the report of firearms, and someone else started to run for a doctor.

Really, they ought to have known better. The meeting was a stupidly peaceful one. The lion and the lamb laid down together.

Soon after 11 a.m. Sir William Folkes, the chairman of the council, strode into the Royal Hotel and demanded a private room. Meanwhile, Mr.

Folkes, by his friendly intervention, had averted a duel that might have ended in death.

The only unfortunate incident of the day was a disagreement as to whether the peaceful settlement of the quarrel was worth 5s. That was the charge made for the private room, and the parties thought that that was too much, especially as there was no fire.

Anyway, it was cheaper than a funeral would have been!

"HELLO" GIRLS' DISMAY.

Disquieting Rumours of an Extra Daily Half-Hour's Work.

The girls in the telephone department of the Civil Service have heard disquieting rumours to the effect that their working days of eight hours are to be increased by half an hour.

They have another grievance. Having signed to work six days a week—with sixteen business hours in each two days—they assert that it was an injustice when they were put on duty for five and a half hours every fourth Sunday a year ago.

They claim to be the only female employees in the Civil Service who are obliged to work on Sundays.

They aver that they have knowledge of the impending imposed hours of extra toil, and they feel they have not been officially informed, they thought like entering a protest.

Over 100 girls will be affected by the proposed change.

DIED TO AVOID ARREST.

A detective attached to the Hammersmith police had an exciting experience on Saturday night, when he went to serve a warrant upon a man who lived at Fulham Palace-road.

On arriving at the man's residence he found his prisoner sitting in an outhouse dead. In his hand was a six-chambered revolver, with which he had shot himself to evade arrest.

CHRYSANTHEMUM GREETING.

English Children Send Charming Message to Their Brothers and Sisters of Japan.

Fifteen thousand British children, members of the "Evening News" Chrysanthemum League, formed in honour of your gallant nation, Japan, desire to convey through you, a message of greeting and good will to the children of your country.

This was the cordial message sent on Saturday to Viscount Hayashi, the Japanese Ambassador, from the children gathered at the great Chrysanthemum League Show at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster.

The judges awarded nearly 150 prizes and 500 certificates of commendation, but thousands of competitors, almost equally deserving, are now bearing bravely on hope deferred.

When Mrs. Kendal arrived to distribute the prizes to the chief winners, so dense was the throng that she had great difficulty in reaching the platform. But everything passed off well, and the little prize-winners from all parts of London went away proud of their success.

CIDER APPLES AND PERRY PEARS.

Many new labour-saving devices in connection with brewing, a fine display of barley, beer, tobacco, and temperance drinks, and sixty-four varieties of cider apples and perry pears are to be seen at the annual Brewers' Exhibition opened at the Agricultural Hall on Saturday.

TUNNEL PROBLEM.

Will To-day's Inquest Solve Mystery of Miss Money's Death?

To-day Mr. Percy Morrison will continue at Redhill the inquest on the body of Miss Money, the victim of the Merstham Tunnel mystery.

Dr. Wilcox, the Home Office expert, is to be called again, and the police anticipate bringing before the Court about twenty witnesses.

It is expected that there will be some curious developments, but all the officials associated with the case maintain a rigid reticence regarding the matter.

Although the majority of the witnesses will only be able to give evidence of a formal character, the testimony of four or five persons will, it is thought, throw quite a fresh light upon the mystery.

Scotland Yard, working in conjunction with the Surrey police, are pursuing the most vigilant inquiries, and, so far as can be ascertained, the official view still wavers between the rival theories of murder and suicide. Advocates of both these hypotheses are bound to admit that there is still a remarkable lack of data on which to theorise, and there is little doubt that the police officials are absolutely baffled in their attempts to unravel the mystery.

In the meantime the revelations concerning Miss Money's conduct indicate that she was a strong-minded personality, who usually marked out her own course in life, and was not inclined to make a complete confidant of anyone.

Her little love affairs she kept religiously to herself, and her various appointments, even with friends, were marked by a reticence that makes the solution of the mystery still more difficult.

The public will anxiously await developments which may be forthcoming at to-day's inquest.

MR. SUTRO'S NEW TRIUMPH.

"The Perfect Lover" Received with Enthusiasm at the Imperial Theatre.

Immense enthusiasm greeted the production of Mr. Sutro's new play, "The Perfect Lover," at the Imperial Theatre on Saturday night, and the reception was thoroughly well deserved, for the play is extremely clever and amusing.

The perfect lover is the young Lord Cardew, who is in love with Lilian, the wife of one William Tremblett, a money-grubber of the worst type.

William Tremblett learns that coal exists on Cardew's property, and, failing to persuade him to sell, induces his wife to approach him, well knowing that he will deny her nothing. She refuses, but the addition of her Uncle Joseph Tremblett's entreaties—he is to get £5,000 out of the deal if it is successful—finally persuades her.

Cardew signs the deed, well aware of the existence of the coal, and then elopes with Lilian, Joseph being party to the plan.

Mr. Lewis Waller as Joseph was magnificent, Miss Evelyn Millard was good as Lilian, and honours are also due in particular to Miss Henrietta Watson.

MILLIONAIRE WEDDING.

Vanderbilt Bride Kneels on White Satin Cushion Embroidered with Pearls.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Sunday.—There was a great assemblage of millionaires at the wedding of Miss Frederica Vanderbilt Webb to Mr. Ralph Pulitzer, a son of the proprietor of the "New York World," at Shelburne, U.S.A., yesterday.

The bride received £200,000 worth of wedding gifts.

Only 150 persons attended the ceremony, and the bride and bridegroom made the journey in a carriage bedecked with white ribbons and drawn by white horses.

The bride knelt during the ceremony on a white satin pillow embroidered with pearls. The pillow was used by the bride's mother at her marriage.

Among those present were: Mrs. Vanderbilt, Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt, Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Payne Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. H. McK. Twombly.

D. STINGUISHED INVALIDS.

Earl Spencer, who lies seriously ill at North Creak, Norfolk, passed a good night. His improved condition is maintained.

Mr. Lloyd-George has been compelled to take a complete rest for three weeks, his throat having given him considerable trouble.

THOUSANDS OF SWALLOWS FROZEN.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERNE, Sunday.—Thousands of swallows crossing Switzerland on their way southwards for the winter have been overtaken by whirling snowstorms and frozen or starved to death, for the exceedingly low temperatures of the last few days have exterminated all those insects on which birds of passage have to depend mainly for sustenance.

DISASTER ON A CUNARDER.

Five Passengers Swept from the
Deck of the Campana.

THIRTY INJURED.

Having weathered a terrific hurricane 1,500 miles west of Queenstown, the Cunard liner Campana, on arrival at New York on Saturday, reported the loss of five steerage passengers swept overboard by a great wave.

In addition thirty steerage passengers were injured, one of whom has since died in hospital.

An extraordinary experience befell the great steamship, which belongs to a company whose proud boast it had been that it had never lost a passenger's life at sea.

About half-way across the Atlantic the barometer fell rapidly, and a strong west-north-west wind sprang up, accompanied by high seas. Steadily the gale increased in force, until a perfect hurricane was blowing at a speed of seventy-one miles an hour.

The Campana fought her way through enormous seas, and the decks forward were impassable except with the help of lifelines. The heavy blows from the huge waves made the vessel tremble from stem to stern.

Swept by the Seas.

On one occasion the Campana, struck broadside by a huge wave, lurched to port and scooped up an enormous sea. The wave came on board amidships on the port side, and swept clean across the steerage deck, carrying everything before it.

The impetus broke a door in the rail, and through the opening five helpless creatures were swept to death. Others were dashed against the rails, many sustaining severe injuries.

The main deck promenade presented the appearance of a miniature battlefield, the wounded lying about in all directions, some of them insensible and thrown on the top of one another.

A young woman had her legs broken at the thigh, and several persons had broken arms and ribs, whilst more than a score were bruised and battered.

Sent a Wireless Telegram.

The names of the lost are Mr. John Graham, Margaret Cleary, Mary Cosgrove, Elizabeth Grannodder, and Niels Ehberg.

By means of the Marconi apparatus the Cunard office at New York was informed of the disaster, and by the time the ship came into harbour doctors and nurses, with all necessary appliances, were ready to receive the injured.

There can be no doubt that more lives would have been lost but for the prompt action of Stewardess Cotes and various members of the crew who went about among the steerage passengers restoring order and confidence, rescuing many children from imminent peril.

That the ship sustained no material damage and was able to continue the voyage at good speed, is a matter on which the Cunard line may be congratulated.

The Cunard Company state that the sea was shipped unexpectedly, and that the conditions had not previously warranted the ordering of the passengers below. The passengers pressed Captain Strong with a testimonial of commendation and confidence.

WINTER'S FIRST BREATH.

Snow in the Highlands and Piercing Winds
Throughout the Kingdom.

Winter has sent its first icy breath over the land, heavy snow being reported from Scotland; while piercing cold winds have prevailed in the south.

In twelve hours the temperature dropped 26deg. in London, and, although the sun shone brightly on Saturday, 36deg. of frost were registered in the early morning in Hyde Park.

The Highlands have been visited by heavy snow-showers, and in Lincolnshire and in the Midlands thin coatings of ice have been formed on the ponds. In London yesterday a boisterous westerly wind tore the yellow leaves from the trees in myriads, and a gale in the Channel, accompanied by very high tides, sent great waves breaking over the seawalls at Brighton, Eastbourne, and other towns.

Throughout Germany, Austria, and France wild weather prevails, and unusual cold, accompanied by snow, is reported from the Tyrol and the mountains near Vienna.

ONE TAKEN AND THE OTHER LEFT.

Walking arm in arm on the railway line near Irvine, on Saturday night, two young women named Gemmell and Fulton, employed at Glasgow Western Golf Club, were struck by a pilot engine. Gemmell was instantly killed; Fulton escaped unhurt.

FRENCH MOTOR WINS.

A Darracq First in Vanderbilt Cup
Race, a Panhard Second.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, Sunday.—The greatest of American motor events—the race for the Vanderbilt Cup—was won yesterday by a French car, with another French car second, an American car third, and an Italian fourth. English cars were not represented. The results were as follows, the course being 283 miles:—

Driver.	Country.	Motor-car.	H. M. S.
1—Hemery.	France.	80-h.p. Darracq.	4 36 38
2—Heath.	France.	120-h.p. Panhard.	4 39 40
3—Tracy.	America.	120-h.p. Locomobile.	4 58 26
4—Lancia.	Italy.	120-h.p. F.I.A.T.	5 0 31

The race, ten times over a course of 28.3 miles to the lap, took place near Mineola, Long Island. There were 100,000 spectators.

Accidents put the German team out of the race. They consisted of Jenatry (Gordon-Bennett Cup winner in Ireland), Foxhall, Keene, and Warden, each on a 120-h.p. Mercedes.

Mr. Keene skidded at a curve, and one of his rear wheels struck a telegraph pole. The mechanic



AUGUST HEMERY.

was thrown off, and the motor-car lost a wheel. No one was hurt.

Lancia, the Italian, might have won had it not been for an accident. He made eight rounds out of ten at about seventy miles an hour, beating everyone. Then Christie, on a 120-h.p. motor-car of his own make, collided with him. Christie lost two of his wheels. Lancia's motor-car was so much damaged that five competitors passed him before he could repair and start again.

Of the five American motor-cars, four broke down, two Pope-Toledos, the Christie, and White. The Duchess of Marlborough, whose brother, Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, junr., gave the cup, attended the race.

ANOTHER LIBERAL VICTORY.

Turnover of Fourteen Hundred Votes in the
Barkston Ash By-Election.

Barkston Ash (Yorkshire), consistently Tory for many years past, has just returned a Liberal to Parliament, the change counting two votes in divisions in favour of the Opposition.

The figures, announced on Saturday, were:—

Mr. J. Andrews (Liberal).....	4,376
Mr. Lane Fox (Conservative).....	4,148

Liberal majority 228

Previous Conservative majorities were:—1,241 in 1892 and 1,906 in 1885.

Mr. Andrews is a barrister and an excellent public speaker.

Polling is expected to take place in the Hampstead by-election on October 26. Both parties revery busy. To-morrow an interesting meeting will take place at the Town Hall, when both Mr. J. S. Fletcher (Conservative candidate) and Mr. G. F. Rowe (Liberal) will state their views on the temperance question.

THIEVES' DARK OPPORTUNITY.

Pickpockets spent a delightful evening in Battersea on Saturday.

The municipal supply of electric light failed, and the borough was plunged in darkness. The public library had to be closed, and all the large shopkeepers burnt candles. Many purses were stolen.

A DELIGHTFUL HOBBY FOR LADIES.

A highly-interesting hobby, and one which, with ordinary luck, will pay well, is the breeding and rearing of canaries. It is one especially suitable for ladies; the work is light, the little gems are so entertaining, brisk, and lively in their movements, and musical withal, that few ladies can take up this hobby without becoming quite absorbed in their fascinating feathered pets, says the writer of an interesting article in this week's "Answers." If anyone, having a dozen pairs, meets with average good fortune, and raises only five young from each couple, selling the cocks at six shillings apiece and the hens at three shillings, there will be the decent little sum of £13 10s. to be added to the annual income.

COURTSHIP OF CRIME.

Romantic Episodes in the Sensa-
tional Forgery Case.

DECLAMATORY PRISONER.

Further light was, on Saturday, at the Westminster Police Court, thrown on the forgery and conspiracy charges brought against Talbot Bridgewater, medical specialist, Oxford-street; Lionel Peyton Holmes, his assistant; William E. Shackell, Buckingham-street, Portland-place, surveyor; and Elizabeth Foster, boarding-house-keeper, Seaford, Sussex.

The allegations against the parties are that they forged and uttered a cheque for £819 on the account of Mr. Edwin Marshall Fox, a wealthy American, of Victoria-street.

The principal witness on Saturday was Miss Mary Toovey, the young lady clerk and secretary to Mr. Marshall Fox.

She had been nine years, she said, in Mr. Fox's employ, and lived at Selkirk-road, Streatham. Mr. Fox's safe was in his private room at his Victoria-street offices. His cheque-books were kept in it.

She had known Dr. Bridgewater since 1903. She saw his advertisement in the paper. She was unwell at the time, and consulted him as a doctor. She paid him weekly visits for five or six weeks.

Stronger Than Friendship.

She thought his feeling towards her was stronger than friendship. She liked him very much. He suggested they should work together. They went out to dinner together. She had no recollection of ever saying anything about Mr. Fox or his business.

She might, when returning into the dispensary at Oxford-street, have left her bag—containing her purse and keys—in the consulting room. The convict Charles Fisher, known to her as Dean, engaged a room at her house in Streatham. He said he was in the jewellery trade, and had recently lost his wife. She saw very little of him.

She used some nights to leave her bag on the dining-room table, and she remembered replanting a plant that Dean had pulled up. She possessed testimonials in Mr. Fox's handwriting, and had showed them to Dean.

On the Monday after the forged cheque was cashed Dean left, paying her three weeks' rent in advance, and saying he would be back. She went to Bridgewater about a fortnight afterwards to tell him about the forgery. She told him she had informed the police her sweetheart was a doctor.

Dramatic Dock Scene.

On hearing this remark from the witness Bridgewater jumped up in the dock, and, striking the rail dramatically with his fist, exclaimed: "Now, I see it all. Now I can see the plot. That is why I am here." Holmes tried to calm his fellow-prisoner, and after his momentary outburst Bridgewater sank back into his customary easy attitude.

Continuing her evidence, Miss Toovey said she had a few words with Bridgewater, because he said: "Don't you think it is your lodger?" She knew none of the prisoners but Bridgewater. She had never missed her keys.

The prisoners were further remanded for a week. The convict Fisher was in the cells in charge of warders through the day, and was not brought into court.

WIFE'S POIGNANT REPROACH.

Advises Her Husband To "Make Good Use
of His Freedom."

A touching letter was read at the inquiry held on Saturday at Eastbourne on the body of the daughter of Joseph Toole, a London waiter.

It will be remembered that Mrs. Toole ca: the child into the sea and then threw herself in.

"The woman was pluckily rescued by a coast-guardman, but the little girl was drowned."

Mrs. Toole left a letter for her husband, in which she stated that she felt there was no prospect either for her or for her little girl, so she had decided to remove herself from her husband's path. "I hope," she added, "that you will make good use of the freedom you have so longed for. If you take my advice you will study the next woman you marry before you marry her."

"Had you done so with me, you would have had a good, hard-working wife, a happy home, and your children around you."

The jury returned a verdict of Wilful Murder against Mrs. Toole, but expressed their sympathy with her.

PLANTS FOR THE ASKING.

The further free distribution of bedding plants remaining at certain of the parks and gardens under the London County Council's control will be made at Springfield Park, Victoria Embankment Gardens, and Waterloo Park to-morrow; at Brockwell Park, Myatts Fields, and Southwark Park on Wednesday; and at thirty-two other gardens on Thursday.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS MARTYRS.

Two Ladies Who Wouldn't "Be Quiet"
Sent to Prison at Manchester.

The "Liberal Week" in Manchester closed with an unpleasant incident. Two ladies have been sent to prison as a sequel to interrupting the meeting in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, at which Sir Edward Grey was the principal speaker.

The ladies are Miss Christabel Pankhurst, who recently applied to be admitted to the Bar, and who is one of the foremost champions of women's rights in Manchester, and Miss Kenney, of Oldham.

They went to the meeting to hear the views of the Liberal party on the question of votes for women, and so persistent were they in their interruptions and efforts to make a speech, that they had to be ejected by force.

It was said that Miss Pankhurst, when asked to be quiet, spat in the faces of a police-superintendent and an inspector.

Before the magistrates on Saturday Miss Pankhurst said her conduct was a protest against the legal position of women.

As they both refused to pay the fines inflicted by the magistrates, they were sent to prison for seven days.

ROBBING A BENEFACTOR.

Embezzlement in Return for Generosity to
Unfortunate Friend.

Mr. Kennedy, sitting at Marlborough-street on Saturday, had to deal with a case of gross ingratitude.

When Mr. Emile Valentin, tailor, of 107, Regent-street, befriended Camille Jules Guir, of Holloway, he not only paid him a minimum wage of £3 a week but gave him his board and guaranteed payment for his furniture.

In return for this kindness, Guir embezzled various sums from his benefactor. On Saturday the plea was set up that his relations with Valentin were almost those of a partner, but Mr. Kennedy held that the charge was proved. It was an offence he could not look over, and he must sentence Guir to six months' imprisonment in the second division.

WIDOW'S BOXES OF GOLD.

Prosecutes Her Son for Appropriating Her
Life's Savings.

For over forty-eight years Mrs. Maria Craig, a Leyton widow, had been carefully saving money.

On Saturday she appeared at the Thames Police Court against her son, Frederick Craig, a traveller, of West Ham, who was charged with robbing her of £735.

As far back as March, 1903, the accused and his wife called on Mrs. Craig and took away the boxes which contained her golden savings.

Last January the son confessed to the mother that he had taken some of her money, but said he would make it good.

Since then he declined to give up the boxes, and these proceedings were instituted. Mr. Dickinson remanded the son on bail.

BAD WORDS MADE HIM LAZY.

Said He Preferred Pauperism to Hearing
Dockyard Profanity.

Explaining why he allowed himself and his family to become chargeable to the Poplar Guardians, William Needham, at the Thames Police Court on Saturday, gave a curious reason for giving up his employment.

In March last he commenced attending religious services, and, through the recommendation of a rector, obtained work at the Royal Naval Depot, West India Dock.

He was paid a guinea a week and overtime, but resigned because he could not tolerate the bad language of his fellow-workmen.

Mr. Dickinson remarked that it was very regrettable that men should use offensive language, but he feared that Needham's real reason for relinquishing his employment was his desire to get away from his wife and children.

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STORIES OF SIR HENRY IRVING.

His Personal Magnetism, Gift of Repartee, and Generosity.

ON THE STAGE AND OFF.

There is a vast amount of anecdote relating to the late Sir Henry Irving. Generosity entered into all his dealings, but, one night, when he was playing in "The Merchant of Venice," he actually gave the cabman who drove him to the theatre too little instead of too much. Whereupon cabby, recognising his fare, observed, "Look 'ere! If yer plays the Jew inside that theater as well as yer does outside, darned if I don't spend this bob on coming to see yer!"

Mr. Henry Chance Newton tells a story of Irving at the height of his fame meeting in the Strand a former manager, that rugged actor, the late Charles Dillon. Irving cordially greeted him. Dillon professed not to remember him. Irving persisted. After some time the name seemed to dawn upon Dillon, and he murmured, "Irving? Oh, yes, of course! I do seem to recollect the name. And what are you doing now, Irving?"

A CRITICAL HOUSE.

On one occasion, when Sir Henry wished to purchase a horse for his stage performances, a sly dealer appeared with a steed which he recommended on the score that it had had fifteen years' experience on the boards. "Oh," mused Sir Henry, "something of an actor, I see." "Yessir," returned the dealer; "he has only one fault. Whenever he appears with Mr. ——— he allays jibs and kicks." "Oh, oh," said Sir Henry, "a little of a critic also, I see."

On another occasion while rehearsing the inferno scene in "Dante," the great actor had occasion to reproach an army of exuberant superns. "Kindly remember that you are supposed to be in hell," he said, "not picnicking on Hampstead Heath."

MARMALADE JAR AND A TURNIP.

"Hamlet" was the first stage play he ever saw Phelps was the moody Dane, and shortly after, when persuaded to listen to a recitation by young Irving, gave him the advice: "Young man, have nothing to do with the stage; it is a bad profession." Soon after Irving played the King, and so poorly was the play mounted that he drank Hamlet's health in the last act out of an empty marmalade jar, and a dirty turnip served as a skull in the graveyard scene.

During the days when he was in a mercantile office in the City the future actor was always snatching opportunities to learn a new poem or "piece." "One day," he told a friend, who gives some interesting reminiscences in the "Reference," "I started to learn a piece on my way to the office. I couldn't leave it. Every moment when the manager's eye was not on me out came my book. I made up my mind that before the day was out I would accomplish my self-imposed task. During my dinner-hour I went and hid myself in a huge wooden packing-case. The hour went by and I knew it not. It appeared that the people in the office searched for me throughout the afternoon, but it was six o'clock when they found me still busy with my book."

AS MIMIC.

Sir Henry was once holding forth to the same writer on the absurd affectations of player-folk in the so-called "palmy days of the drama." He gave imitations of George Bennett, the great "heavy" man of Macready's and Phelps's days, and also of a certain greater but mannered actress of those "palmy days," concerning whom he related how—in the latter years of his success—he drew those of her inclining once arranged to give a performance at the Lyceum. Their intention was (as Irving pointed out) to teach him, of all others, how to "produce" a play! "I left them at it," said he, "and went later to the dress rehearsal, and there I saw those concerned armed with tin-tacks and hammering away at each other's backs. When I went I found that in order to add to the cunning of the scene they were nailing up bunches of real grapes!"

To a lady who wrote to him about twenty years ago asking him if it were true that he was getting on for seventy, the gallant actor-manager replied: "Yes; but I hope I overtook my difference." On another occasion a budding playwright wrote offering the famous actor-manager an allegorical drama, in which he was cast for the part of Father Time. Irving's humorous response was that he might have to employ Father Time's scythe to cut down some of the long parts and speeches.

Among the stories Sir Henry used to tell of "gallery" was one related to an occasion many years ago in Dublin, when he was suddenly called upon to undertake a heavy part, the actor who was cast for it having been taken ill. When Sir Henry made his first appearance on the stage one youth in the gallery shouted to another: "Is that him, eh?" "No," came the reply, "that is the young man's clothes; they'll shove 'em out later on!"

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Born six days before Trafalgar, Miss Marianne Hensley, of Bath, yesterday celebrated her hundredth birthday.

From to-day the road in Hyde Park between the Victoria and Alexandra Gates will be closed for three weeks for repairs.

St. Stephen's Church, Manfred-road, Wandsworth, has been destroyed by fire, only the bare walls remaining amid a heap of smouldering ruins.

Little girls, whose ages range from five to ten years, will give life-saving displays at the Kingston-on-Thames Ladies' Swimming Club gala on October 28.

Very pathetic was the service for deaf mutes on Saturday in Southwark Cathedral, the prayers, hymns, and address by Bishop Talbot being interpreted by experts.

One of the rules issued in a French post-office says: "Sorters are forbidden to read postcards, and are requested to detain any on which are insults or bad language."

While playing football at Bradford on Saturday a young man named Henry Gutteridge was accidentally struck in the stomach by another youth, and succumbed soon afterwards to his injuries.

After firing the first shot at a miniature rifle range, which he has provided for the Bishop's School, Salisbury, Dr. Wordsworth said he hoped that by learning rifle-shooting boys might fit themselves to become defenders of hearth and home.

Dr. Watson ("Ian Maclaren"), as minister of Sefton Park Church, Liverpool, preached his last sermon there yesterday.

Experiments with motor-torpedo-boats are about to be made by the Admiralty, those undertaken by the Russian naval authorities having proved satisfactory.

Nearly a hundred and fifty members of the English and Irish Millers' Association have arrived in Paris to inspect the appliances and methods of French millers.

At the London Pavilion Mr. Leo Stormont will produce to-night a new poem, entitled "Trafalgar Day," specially written for the anniversary of Trafalgar by Mr. J. E. MacManus.

The Prince of Wales and his son, Prince Edward, will be among the exhibitors at the great international stamp show which the London Philatelic Society is organising for next year.

Punishment of soldiers for minor offences and irregularities, such as coming late into barracks, is now to be left in the hands of the captain of the offender's company, without reference to the colonel.

Congratulations from all parts of the world reached Mr. John Brimmhead, founder of the well-known pianoforte firm, on Saturday, when he celebrated his ninety-first birthday. He and his wife, the oldest married couple in London, were united nearly sixty-nine years ago.

LIBERAL WIN AT BARKSTON ASH.



Mr. J. O. Andrews, the Liberal candidate in the by-election at Barkston Ash, who defeated Mr. G. Lane-Fox (Conservative) by 228 votes.

Liverpool will shortly possess a smokeless spice mill, driven by suction gas, the plant being erected on the premises.

Mr. Asquith at Dundee described bowls as a "healthy and engrossing occupation which kept middle-aged men out of mischief."

Because he persisted in playing in front of a house at Dover, although told there was a person dying inside, an organ-grinder named Wilson has been fined 20s. and costs.

Three years and a day was the curious sentence passed on Fred Mellor at Wenlock (Shropshire). The years were for stealing a cycle, and the day for obtaining lodgings by false pretences.

To the chagrin of a labourer's hungry family, a stolen fowl, ready cooked for dinner, was taken from a cottage oven at Culmstock (Somerset) by a policeman, who traced it to the house by a trail of feathers.

Four Bristol brothers, all artisans, have just received news that they are heirs to a fortune of £250,000, left by their uncle, a Brooklyn merchant. A rich uncle in California has also left a large fortune to Mr. Michael McDonald, club steward, of Great Harwood (Lancashire).

An old military custom has been revived at York by the 2nd Battalion York and Lancaster Regiment. The drums and fife of the band paraded the town when they took up their new quarters, and an officer read a proclamation warning the inhabitants not to allow the soldiers credit.

Pneumatic tubes, through which readers' demand-tickets will be blown from a central point to the various sections, are being fitted up in the British Museum Library.

Mr. Richard Thomas Gillow, who died at Leighton Hall, Camforth, Lancashire, in his ninety-ninth year, was the oldest justice of the peace in the United Kingdom.

Eleven goods wagons having run off the metals at Ruskington, near Sleaford (Lincoln), on the Great Eastern Railway, all traffic had to be diverted on to the Great Northern system.

Norwich, it is estimated, will profit to the amount of £20,000 per annum by the presence of a cavalry regiment in the new barracks, of which the foundation-stone has just been laid in the town.

Dripping for diet is recommended by the Asylums Committee of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, and application will probably be made to the Local Government Board for permission to use it in the asylums.

As a result of efforts made to restart mining operations at Glentogher, Carndonagh, Co. Donegal, an average of an ounce of gold to the ton is recorded. Some of the ore was very rich in lead, and silver was also found.

A Darwin gentleman who was robbed of £10 in London has just had his empty purse returned him by the thief, together with a typewritten letter of thanks. "Your generosity enabled me to cease work for that day," wrote the pickpocket.

THE LAST DAYS OF NELSON.

Story of the "Little Admiral's" Crowning Naval Triumph.

AWAITING THE FOE.

One hundred years ago to-day all England was waiting for news from Nelson.

The country recognised that it was passing through the most critical period in its history since the days when the proud Spanish Armada was defeated by Drake and the storms which swept the scattered galleons from the Northern Seas.

To-day the nation is waiting for the great national festival which will commemorate the crowning victory of Nelson's life, the victory of Trafalgar, the victory which destroyed once and for ever all fear of foreign invasion.

THE VITAL MOMENT.

One hundred years ago to-day the great Admiral, in whose hands were placed the destinies of England, was cruising about the west of the Mediterranean, waiting for Admiral Villeneuve to bring the combined fleets of France and Spain out of Cadiz harbour.

He had expected them to break cover on the 10th, as is made evident by the dispatch sent on that date to his friend and second in command, Admiral Collingwood.

"My dear Coll," he wrote, "the enemy's fleet is all but out of harbour; perhaps this night with the northerly wind they may come forth, and with the westerly sea-breeze to-morrow go into the Mediterranean."

But Villeneuve lay close, probably hoping against hope that the Brest squadron might succeed in evading the British Channel Fleet and reinforce him. This was a subject of bitter anxiety to Nelson.

The night of the 11th was stormy, and until the 14th Nelson lay ominously silent. Then he ordered his line of battle, promising Captain Blackwood, his principal scout, prompt assistance in case of an attempt to drive him off, "which," he added, "I should like amazingly to see them try."

The 16th, as we learn from Nelson's diary, gave a moderate westerly breeze.

"All the forenoon employed in forming the fleet into the order of sailing," he wrote. "At noon fresh breezes W.S.W., and squally; in the evening fresh gales. Enemy as before, by signal from the Weasel, Captain Peter Barker."

(To be Continued.)

FOREIGN STOCKS ADVANCE.

No Further Nervousness on Anglo-German Misunderstanding.

CAPEL COURT, Saturday.—There is very little the matter with the stock markets to-day. Slackness is, of course, inevitable on a Saturday, but really there was quite a good tone and less heard about adverse money influences. Consols were merely steady at 88½, and several gilt-edged stocks were better.

There is a decidedly better feeling about Home Rails, the natural result of the considerable improvement in the traffic position and the undoubted indications of trade revival. To-day there is a further small levelling-up in prices, and the feeling is all one way.

Even in American Rails there is a better tendency, but here it seems to be mainly a matter of manipulation, though more confidence is expressed as to the monetary stringency in New York disappearing in the course of a week or two. Morgan interests seem to be busy in the market, and a good deal is heard about some of their coals, about Stacks, and even International Mercantile Marine shares.

CANADIAN PROSPERITY.

The great prosperity of Canada keeps Canadian Rails moving. Mr. Jefferson Levy having managed to work off a few more column interviews on the subject of Canadian Pacifics. However, that sanguine gentleman seems to be working himself out, for he is now drifting off into the position of Consul, Rhodesians, and other questions.

Foreign Rails keep moving upwards, The Argentine group is firm now that the labour news is so much better, and in the Brazilian and Mexican sections we have the old-time confidence.

Even Foreigners, where they move at all, are on the up-grade, the Anglo-German misunderstanding causing no further nervousness. Copper shares continue to improve on the big demand for the metal, the result of enormous electrical and other work requiring ample supplies.

The Chinese speculative group has not responded very well to the news that the Pekin syndicate expects to strike gold in December. The catering group is rather firm, the Anglo-German misunderstanding causing no further nervousness. Copper shares continue to improve on the big demand for the metal, the result of enormous electrical and other work requiring ample supplies.

NOTICE TO READERS.

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Daily Mirror

MONDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1905.

SIR HENRY IRVING.

IN all that has been written about Sir Henry Irving stress has been rightly laid upon his "great personality." To no other actor of our time could this epithet "great" be applied. The others are clever actors, or sound actors. One or two, perhaps, are even brilliant actors. But to call any of them "great" would make everybody smile.

In Sir Henry's case the epithet was generally admitted to be justifiable. It was agreed by most people that he was a "great actor." Why was this? Not because his acting was so very much better than the average. It frequently fell below the average. Even when his talents were at work upon parts which suited him, his peculiarities of voice and movement often came between him and perfection.

What do we mean, then, when we call him a "great" man, and how can we define the "personality" which made him great?

Personality is only another word for character, and no man can make much of an impression upon the public mind unless he has a striking character in addition to talent of some kind. We had an example of this in the painter, G. F. Watts. In the mere matter of painting there were many who excelled him. All his work, however, showed that he had lofty ideals, that the standard by which he tried his work was a very high one.

Watts strove always to do his best. He gave the world the finest work he could, without considering whether it would pay best or be most popular. His life and his pictures alike showed that he had a noble character, and the world without hesitation recognised in him one of its great men.

The secret of Watts's greatness was the secret also of Sir Henry Irving's. He had a very high ideal of the art of the theatre. He kept it always before him. No one could say of Irving that he ever deliberately produced what he knew to be second-rate for the sake of making money. He always tried hard, both as an actor and as a manager, to offer playgoers the best he could.

Happily his life-effort did not go unrewarded. The very fact that he aimed high had a tremendous effect upon the public mind and raised the estimation in which the theatre was held. It also gave him a position during his later years such as no English actor has ever held before. He was the affectionate respect and admiration of the whole English-speaking world. He might have been very rich, if he had not preferred to be very generous. From personal ambition he was singularly free. He was content until the end to go on working and giving, still pursuing his ideals with the enthusiasm of youth, in spite of his three-score years.

Here, then, we have the explanation of "greatness" in character or personality, call it what you will. It depends not so much upon what a man does as upon what he aims at doing. That is a thought full of encouragement and consolation. There are many of us who know that we cannot expect to do great things. But if we do everything we have to do as well as we possibly can, then we may know that our minds are in tune with those of all the really "great" men who have ever lived.

Our work may not bring us into prominence. We may not be famous, as Watts and Irving were. But in our humble way we can "make our lives sublime." We can each of us be what he was who now lies at rest after life's fitful fever—

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,

Never doubted clouds would break,
Heid we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

H. H. F.

SAYINGS OF NELSON.

A brave man runs no more risk than a coward.
Nations are like individuals—make it their interest to do what is right and they will do it.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

IN Arran, the wildest and most picturesque of the islands on the Clyde, they are now busily preparing for the coming of age, at the end of this month, of Lady Mary Hamilton, the only daughter of the late Duke of Hamilton. She is a girl of great beauty, and one of the richest heiresses of the century. All Arran is hers, and Brodick Castle, the family residence, though of modern date, has historic associations such as are fitting to the dignity of its occupant. Upon its site stood a fortress erected in Norman times, and dotted about the coast are islands which, tradition would have us believe, once gave shelter to Robert Bruce. The estates are entailed, but Lady Mary comes into a sum of £100,000 of her own, with an income of £7,000 a year in addition, as well as the revenue of the estates.

From the islands of Arran, Lady Mary receives such homage and affection as a queen might expect. The men love her for her fearlessness, whether riding, or fishing off the rocky coast; the women for the kind heart which prompts her to generous actions daily. As a child one of her birth-

through a skylight with only one other member of the staff. The remainder of the clerks and servants, numbering some two hundred, fell into the hands of the dynamiters, and had it not been for Sir Edgar moving the authorities to take prompt action, would have all been massacred. Since he returned to England, Sir Edgar has lived at Escher Place, a lovely spot in Surrey, where the King and Queen have on several occasions been visitors. His wife, Lady Helen Vincent, is considered by many people to be the most beautiful woman in England. The three family mottoes, it is interesting to recall, each contain a bad pun. They are: "Virtute non viribus vincant," "Non nisi vincanti," and "Vincit qui se vincant."

Lady Currie, whose death has taken place under such circumstances, was almost better known to many people as the author of charming verses under the nom de plume of "Violet Fane," than as the wife of a famous Ambassador. She was also the author of several novels, and contributed largely to magazines and reviews, among them the "Nineteenth Century" and "Blackwood's." But her interests took a wide range. She was devoted to gardening, and transformed her home at Hawley (Hampshire), where unhappily Lord Currie is now lying ill, into a most fascinating spot. Her dogs

Church of St. Katherine Cree, in the City, the famous "Lion" sermon, a custom dating from the middle of the seventeenth century. It has its origin in the thrilling adventure of Sir John Gayer, sometime Lord Mayor of London, who suffered shipwreck on the coast of Africa, and, escaping the perils of the sea, found his life threatened by a savage lion. As the beast approached, Sir John, falling upon his knees, prayed earnestly for succour. His prayer was heard, for the lion, though it came so close that he could feel its hot breath upon his face, eventually retreated without injuring him in any way. Reaching England again in safety, Sir John, in deep thankfulness for his wonderful deliverance, set aside a sum of £200 for the relief of the poor on condition that a sermon should be preached annually at St. Katherine Cree Church. This service is always attended by the Lord Mayor and sheriffs in state.

The interruption which Mr. David Devant experienced during his performance at St. George's Hall on Saturday probably annoyed the audience more than the conjuror himself, for he is too old a hand to be easily disconcerted, and usually has the laugh on his side by the time the incident is over. Once, in the early days of his career, while giving a performance in a provincial town, he was showing the audience how he could instantaneously change a halfpenny into a sovereign. A farm labourer was charged with the duty of holding the coin in his hand while it underwent the mysterious change. But when the yokel unclosed his fingers and found a sovereign there instead of a halfpenny he immediately marched off the platform, turning a deaf ear to Mr. Devant's entreaty that he should wait to see it turned into a halfpenny again. Mr. Devant lost 19s. 11½d. over the transaction, but got a good advertisement, as crowds came to see the man who could turn halfpennies into sovereigns.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

EXASPERATING PEDESTRIANS.

Does it occur to the Londoner that, as a pedestrian, he is the most irritating person in the world. Surely no one is so ignorant as not to know that "Keep to the right" is the rule of the pavement? Yet you find six out of every twelve pedestrians trying to bear to the left. In the City men seem to take a fiendish delight in stopping in the middle of a narrow pavement in order to carry on a conversation with the result, as likely as not, that passers-by have to dodge into the roadway.

Then again, the Londoner seems to find it necessary to stand at least two yards away from any shop window he wishes to inspect. As the remainder of the pavement is probably occupied by other people watching the uncommon spectacle of workmen pulling up or putting down road setts, one hardly wonders that the busy man who is hurrying to keep an appointment becomes exasperated.

Cornhill, E.C.

WASP WAISTS.

If only the girls who tight-lace could see what they look like as they waddle along (it cannot by any means be called walking) they would, if they have any respect for themselves at all, be ashamed to be seen in public. Any girl can develop a splendid and properly proportioned waist by a course of physical culture, which would not only do her a lot of good, but would also greatly benefit any offspring she might have in after years, and we should not hear so much of the degeneration of the English race.

There has been a lot of controversy lately about "milk-and-water" men. Well, it is not all their fault that they are such weaklings, they have only their tight-laced mothers and grandmothers to thank for their present condition.

Forest Gate, E.

A FEW ATHLETES.

DOES CONSCIENTIOUSNESS PAY?

To me there seems to be a very strange mixture of pathos and humour in "Sceptical's" question, "Does Conscientiousness Pay?"

Supposing that when we died there was an end of us, and no Hereafter, then I should say decidedly that conscientiousness does not pay, but knowing that this is not so, and that it becomes a question of one's soul, the stake is surely a very large one to risk for such ultra motives as the probable temporary success in this world.

May I advise "Sceptical" to go on plodding minus the worry, and I think perhaps he will not find the "long run" to reward so very long after all.

Baltham.

E. N. C.

IN MY GARDEN.

OCTOBER 15.—Now is the time when the careful gardener makes an inventory of his fruit trees and decides where it is necessary to replace the old which have ceased to bear by new. Orders should be given soon, in order that the new trees may be ready for planting by the end of the month.

Carnation layers have by now made good roots, and should be separated from the old plants and placed out in a bed of good mould.

F. F. T.

(FINAL CURTAIN.)



day presents every year was a small pig, of which she made a great pet, feeding it every day. When the time came for it to be killed and sold Lady Mary made a practice of giving the money to a family of poor people on the estate. Then her father died, and the child, receiving every morning begging letters from the poor, was forced to realise how great were the possessions she had come into. "Oh, mother!" she exclaimed in bewilderment, "how is it that they have all got to know about my pig?"

Fortune ever smiles upon Sir Edgar Vincent, and even, fickle as she is to racehorse owners, extends her favours to his racing stable, which carried off the valuable Duke of York Stakes on Saturday. But it is only of late years that his "black jacket, turquoise cap" have become familiar on the English Turf, for he has spent a number of years in Turkey and Egypt, holding financial appointments of the highest importance. At the early age of twenty-six he became Financial Adviser to the Khedive, and afterwards was appointed Governor of the Imperial Ottoman Bank in Constantinople. At the time of the great massacre he had a most thrilling experience.

Dynamiters gained admission to the bank as porters with bags of silver. But instead of silver the bags contained dynamite cartridges and bombs. Sir Edgar Vincent was warned just in time to escape

always held a large place in her affections, so much so, indeed, that when the new regulations about bringing dogs home from foreign countries to England came into force, she remained for two hot summers in Italy, instead of coming home, rather than be parted from her beloved dogs.

The reconciliation between the Earl of Kimberley and Mr. Sapwell, which provides a happy sequel to the former's fiery demand for a duel nine days ago, is understood to have been due to the timely mediation of Sir William Hovell Browne Folkes, chairman of the Norfolk County Council. How his name came to be spelt with the uncommon "ff" which is found also in the family of Baron Fitzcarrington and Mr. B. J. Finch of the India Office, is not quite clear, for his ancestor, who was Solicitor-General in the days of William and Mary certainly wrote his signature "Martin Folkes." The "ff" was first used by the father of Martin Browne Folkes, the eminent scientist, who became the first baronet in 1774. From 1880 to 1885 Sir William Folkes sat as member of Parliament for King's Lynn. He owns over 8,000 acres in Norfolk, though his forbears were settled originally in Staffordshire.

To-day Canon Newbolt, of St. Paul's, whose name has more than once been mentioned in connection with a vacant bishopric, preaches at the

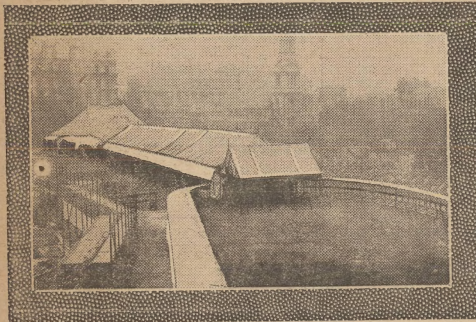
CAMERAGRAPHS

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON ASSASSINATED



Prince Louis Napoleon, son of Prince Jerome Napoleon, and nephew of Empress Eugenie, who has just been assassinated at Tiflis. He was forty-one years of age, and was a general in the Russian army.

THE KING AT THE POST OFFICE TO-DAY.



The marquee and covered stands erected for the visit of the King and Queen to the City to-day, when his Majesty will lay the foundation-stone of the new Post Office building to be erected on the site of the old Bluecoat School.

The Death of Sir Henry Irving:

"I speak as one the sands of whose working life are running fast," said Sir Henry Irving two days before he died, at "Becket," at the Theatre Royal in the same town. His last words on the stage were, "Into Thy hands, O Lord—into me a chair." For a minute or two he sat there, and then becoming worse he was



The crowd outside the Theatre Royal, Bradford, waiting to see Sir Henry.



Sir Henry as Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice."—(Lydell Sawyer.)



Mr. H. B. Irving, Sir Henry's eldest son.—(Ellis and Walery.)



Sir Henry Irving as Mathews.—(Sterling.)



The house in Keinton Mandeville, Somersetshire, where Sir Henry was born in 1838.—(George Russell.)

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10.

THEATRE ROYAL
TO-NIGHT, at 7.15.
FAREWELL
HENRY
IRVING
AND HIS
TO-NIGHT (LAST)
THE MERCHANT
"SHYLOCK."

A pathetic advertisement day.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF SATURDAY'S IMPORTANT FOOTBALL MATCHES



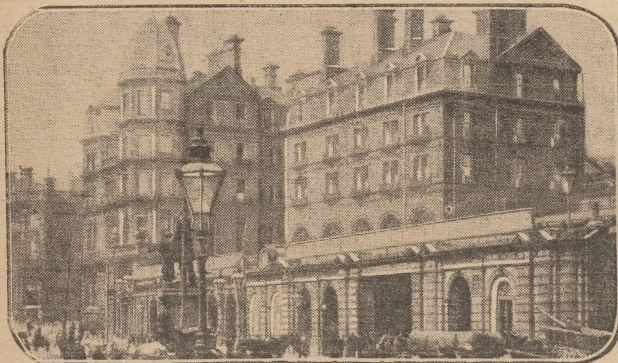
Fulham v. Norwich, won by Fulham by 2 goals to 1. Norwich man's good head-work. Played at Fulham.



Brighton v. Southampton, played at Brighton, and won by Southampton by 3 goals to 1. Southampton pressing.

His Life Story in Photographs.

micipal banquet at Bradford. He died less than an hour after he had played the part of the Archbishop in "The Bells." He returned to his hotel in a cab with his valet. In the hallway he stumbled, and said, faintly, "Give me a glass of water," where, without indication of pain, his spirit fled a few minutes later.



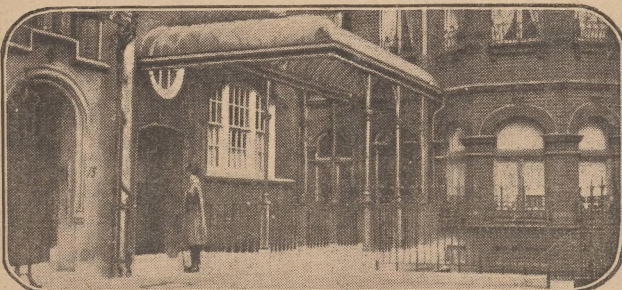
The hotel at Bradford at which Sir Henry died.



Mr. Laurence Irving, Sir Henry's second son, well known as a dramatist.



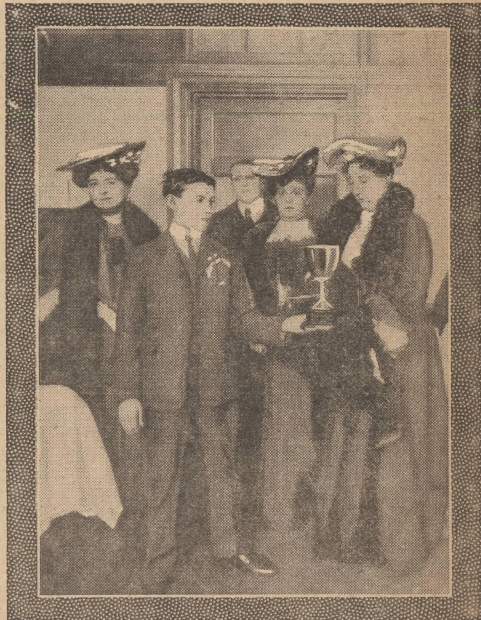
Miss Ellen Terry, for many years associated with Sir Henry.—(Lafayette.)



No. 17, Stratton-street, Piccadilly, Sir Henry's London home, where his body is now lying.

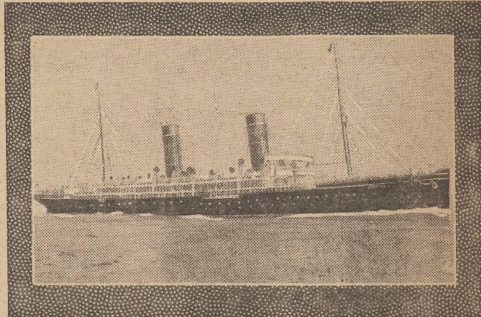
NEWS VIEWS

MRS. KENDAL AT A FLOWER SHOW.



Mrs. Kendal, the well-known actress, presenting a silver cup to the prizewinner in the "Evening News" Chrysanthemum League at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster, on Saturday.

CAMPANIA LOSSES FIVE PASSENGERS.



The Cunard liner Campania, which has just arrived at New York, after a terrible passage across the Atlantic. During a hurricane five steerage passengers were swept from the deck by a great wave and drowned, and thirty others were injured, one of whom has since died.

BER 14, 1905.

L, BRADFORD.

ers, 6.30, or earlier.

PANY.

Y), at 7.15,

ENICE.

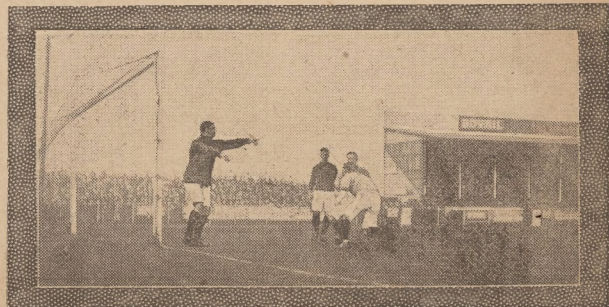
IRVING.

appeared on Satur-

LAYED AT FULHAM, BRIGHTON, RICHMOND, AND PORTSMOUTH.



Rugby match between Richmond and Liverpool, won by Liverpool by 3 goals and 1 try to 1 goal. Passing out from a scrum.



Portsmouth v. Millwall, won by Portsmouth by 2 goals to 1. Portsmouth's goal, Joyce claiming outside.

REVIEW OF WEEK— END FOOTBALL.

Another Success for the New Zealanders—Fulham's Boast.

MANY LEAGUE CHANGES.

SPECIAL, BY "CITIZEN."

There were the usual surprises in Saturday's football, which was exceedingly interesting. The attendances, however, were not quite up to the average, the bitterly-cold afternoon doubtless keeping all but the hardest enthusiasts away from the various grounds.

One result which was quite in keeping with anticipations was the victory of the New Zealanders, who quite outclassed Northumberland, and gained another sweeping success by 31 points to 0. Really the Colonials are so outplaying our towns and counties that we are all longing for the series of "Test matches." And although we are eagerly anticipating these events, we are assailed with a doubt as to even the full strength of either of the four countries being able to check their all-conquering career.

As I expressed in my notes some few days ago, I would dearly like to see the pick of the Northern Unionists pitted against the Colonials. That, however, is impossible under the rigid amateur laws of the Rugby Union.

BUCK UP, ENGLAND.

Meanwhile it must be borne in mind that besting a county or a town is a different thing to defeating the elect of the four countries, and perhaps it will be remembered that the Australian cricketers proved far more than a match for the counties, but were well beaten in the "Test matches." In the remarkable words of the Prince of Wales, slightly altered for footballers, I say "Buck up, England."

The first football season of the season—that between the English League and the Irish League—was played at Manchester. The Irishmen played a bright, vigorous football, but were not quite strong enough for the Saxons. Still, they kept their lines intact until nearly half-time. The game was a triumph for the English centre-forward, young Hampton, of Aston Villa, who is already spoken of as the English centre for the international.

Two of the season's undefeated League teams met with the inevitable, and only Fulham now can boast a clean escutcheon. Plymouth Argyle, who were at the head of affairs in the Southern League, played pretty badly at West Ham, and were well beaten. They now occupy second position to Fulham. Manchester United were beaten by West Bromwich Albion, and now take second place in the Second League table to Bristol City, who seem well in the running for promotion.

STOKE DEPOSED.

There was some shuffling of the positions in the "First League." Sheffield Wednesday, by beating Liverpool, go to the top of the tree, their promotion being brought about by the defeat of Stoke at Sunderland. As Derby County beat Sheffield United they are now second on the list, and Stoke are third.

Woolwich Arsenal gave another moderate display, and were well beaten by Blackburn Rovers. Whilst Chelsea's prospects of getting into the First Division are improving week by week, the Arsenal are dropping points at an alarming rate, and they must take care lest they fall back into the junior ranks.

Chelsea's display at Lincoln against the City was a most meritorious one, and 4 goals to 1 in their favour speaks volumes for the excellence of their attack. The other London "Second Leaguers," Clapton Orient, are doing badly by comparison, and on Saturday they were beaten pointlessly on their own ground, the Hotspur goalkeeper, had a big hand in Tottenham's success, and Tait and Watson, the backs, were admirable.

Queen's Park Rangers have struck a very bad patch, and ineffective forward play was responsible for their defeat at Park Royal by Brentford quite as much as weak defence. It was a poor game, neither side rising above mediocrity. Millwall did not quite hold their own with Portsmouth at Fratton Park, but they were not beaten until the end, and gave a splendid display.

Fulham, as stated above, are the only undefeated side, and perhaps there is no stronger defence in the country than that presented by Fryer, Thorpe, and Ross. They beat Norwich City after a hard game at Fulham, and were watched by the biggest "get" of the day, 15,000 people lining the enclosure.

ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

You might as well expect the rocks to bleed as a religious fanatic to show mercy.

As Sabra passed through the great gates of the Abbey, with a friendly, but abstracted, salutation to the silent portress, a black figure had just emerged from the noble avenue, coming from the house, and was approaching her on the wide gravel path cut in a smooth stretch of turf that led right up to the lodge and the gates.

The girl heard the soft footsteps that barely crunched the gravel, and, looking up, found herself face to face with Father Connelly.

The meeting turned her cheeks white. She had not seen the priest since that day when she had stood with Dick in the dining-room window of the Village, and now he greeted her with just the same smile, which was an indescribable mixture of irony and too effusive cordiality. He would have stopped to speak to her, only she hurried on, with the barest inclination of her proud head.

The air seemed full of ill-omen as she went on. Almost she decided to turn back, to seek her aunt on another day, when that baleful influence had not just been exercised over her. But a moment's reflection convinced her that no circumstances could alter the effect of what she had come to say; so she squared her shoulders, with an unconscious movement, and went on.

Lady Ursula could not see her at once. She was engaged, so the lay sister informed her niece, in interviewing for the first time Sister Sheila, who was sister to Father Connelly, and who was just entering the community. They were in the small reception room together, and, after Sabra had signified her intention of waiting for Lady Ursula in her own room, the lay sister went to inform the Lady Superior of her niece's arrival.

Sabra paced up and down her aunt's bare, cell-like apartment, with its age-blackened panelling and stiff, uncomfortable wooden chairs. She hugged the respite to her soul, and yet her spirit chafed, because, being a Vallence, and in her nature to peer certainly to doubt at any cost.

Never had the gloom of the Abbey appeared more overwhelming than on this dark winter morning. The thought that she was expected to end her days here sent a shudder of sheer horror through her warm young veins, nerved her to do battle strenuously for the things that she had renounced. Never was a woman more actively antagonistic to the cloister, more persuaded in all her being that for her the right portion was the world, and a home in it, and the love of a man.

In her restless walk she pushed open the door leading into the little private oratory, and found an even greater gloom enveloping her. It was unlighted save for one or two glimmering candles on the altar, and the costly marbles and agates of its walls, gleaming richly and darkly, made it look like a tomb. The altar was decked out for a festival with a profusion of white flowers. At the western end was another smaller altar, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and likewise heaped with flowers. But the place was dedicated to a cult in which there was no warmth, no humanity. Madonna held in her arms no child, but soared on clouds in a gorgeously cold mosaic; the Christ hung bleeding on the Cross. It all breathed a spirit of chill austerity of sacrifice.

Sabra shivered and went back into the room beyond, just in time to see Lady Ursula coming in at the door.

In the elder woman's eyes gleamed the ardent fanatical fire that is cognisant of neither time nor space. She appeared especially uplifted, her thin, hollow cheeks and her high narrow brow glowed with a strange transparent whiteness, as if the lamp of her spirit were visibly burning within.

But at the sight of her niece these evidences of some peculiarly satisfying spiritual emotion vanished as if by magic. The thin lips tightened, the purple eyes grew black, the whole look of exaltation passed in a second. She approached the girl with measured step, her hands folded in her flowing sleeves. She stood just under the one electric lamp that was burning to dispel the winter gloom, and the great stones in her diamond cross, which rumour said was studded with sharp nails inside, seemed to throw out a malevolent light.

"I am glad to have this opportunity of seeing you, Sabra," she said in her cold, unbending voice. "I was just about to send for you. Certain facts have come to my ears."

The girl made a mistake. She interrupted Lady Ursula hotly:—

"I can guess from whom. Surely, Aunt Ursula, you have not again listened to that priest?"

"You will kindly speak of Father Connelly with respect," replied Lady Ursula, without evincing a trace of emotion beyond a certain measured disapproval.

"But it is he!" insisted the girl. "He has been trying to make mischief again, and you have listened to him!"

"Father Connelly came here to-day," said Lady Ursula, with grave reproach in her cold voice, "to tell his sister and place her under my special charge. It is natural that he should wish to give her his blessing in her new life. A most earnest woman, Sabra, one of the truly elect. Alas, that it has been denied me to count my brother's child among that noble band!"

"Aunt Ursula," cried the girl impatiently, "I don't care what the priest pretended to come here for—he has been talking to you about me. I said it in his face when I met him just now at the

gate. He has been spying on me again. What is he doing in Stoke Magnus all this time?"

"Your words sound strangely as if they came from a guilty conscience," said Lady Ursula.

"But you admit it. Aunt Ursula, it is intolerable." She had almost forgotten the object of her visit in the furious rebellion of her spirit against this secret espionage.

Lady Ursula's fanaticism, at the moment, was stronger than her pride. Her ears were full of poisoned hints; the priest's smooth voice still lingered in her memory, his grave doubts of her niece's fitness, his sympathetic grief. She threw off her mantle of chill reserve; her beautiful voice throbbled with the anger that shook and burned her as though a flaming sword were thrust through her thin, frail body.

"You have a guilty conscience," she cried. "Father Connelly is right to warn me. He is a man with a burning faith and a burning zeal, and he cannot see you throw yourself headlong into the pit. You are false to your vow, and you know it. Can you deny that you have been constantly in the company of Richard Dangerville, a man with whom you were about once upon a time to enter into the compact of marriage? Can you deny that you see him frequently, ride with him, drive with him, entertain him in your uncle's house? It is monstrous that I should have to reproach you with this—you, a Vallence, who have sworn a solemn oath."

The girl was silent. It was true that she could have retorted that she had only given her word. But to a Vallence it meant the same thing.

"Can you deny," went on the passionately accusing voice, "that you are false to your vow?"

Sabra forced herself to be calm; to collect all her wits, her energy, her eloquence for the attack. Therefore, she answered soberly, by way of gaining time.

"Aunt Ursula, my promise to you was that I would not marry—nothing more."

"So that is how you seek to save your conscience," the elder woman cried contemptuously, "with such paltry prevarication as that! Is not the spirit more than the letter? And what does the mere bond matter if you spend all your days in this man's company, exposing yourself to temptation, dallying with that part of your wretched

(Continued on page 13.)

BITS OF HUMOUR.

Witticisms Scissored Out of Papers in Various Parts.

Biffkins: I wish I could get rid of this horrible toothache!

Spiffkins: When I have it I get rid of it very simply. A kiss from my sweetheart, and it's gone. "Is that so? Do you mind giving me her address?"—Translated for "Tales" from "Fliegende Blätter."

"My baby," said the husband of a prominent club and society woman, "had a narrow escape yesterday."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the friend of the family. "How was that?"

"The nurse-girl thoughtlessly left it alone with its mother for nearly an hour," explained the husband and father.—"Chicago News."

A letter in "The Christian Register" tells of a minister's son who had been so disobedient at table that he was banished to a small table by himself, to eat there until he should repent and reform. He could not even join in the family grace, but was told to say grace at his own little table. So from his store of Scripture selections he chose this: "O Lord, I thank Thee that Thou hast prepared a table for me in the presence of mine enemies."—"New York Tribune."

"We don't want no flying machines," said Erasmus Pinkley, emphatically. "Dem automobiles is bad enough."

"Do you think flying machines will be worse than automobiles?"

"Yaas, I does. When you is hit by an automobile, dar you is; but when you is hit by a flyin' machine, you ain't th'oo yit. You has a long, hard drop comin'."—"Washington Star."

A young man started in the lively business a few weeks ago, and the first thing he did was to have a sign painted representing himself holding a mule by the bridle. He was particularly proud of this stroke of business enterprise, and straightway asked of his wife: "Is it not a good likeness of me?"

"Yes," she replied, "it is a perfect picture of you; but who is the fellow holding the bridle?"—"San Francisco News Letter."



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TROUSERS " 6/-

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OVERCOATS (to measure) 21/- & 25/-

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SIR HENRY IRVING AS AN ACTOR.

How He was Helped by the
Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

HIS DEBT TO MISS TERRY.

By the death of Sir Henry Irving, not only the English stage, but English society, has lost a unique and commanding personality. He was emphatically a "noticeable man," as Wordsworth said of Coleridge, and his oddities and peculiarities of manner and utterance, although they militated against his early success, perhaps contributed as much to his ultimate triumph as his indubitable histrionic genius.

He was born in the lower ranks of society, his boyhood and early manhood were passed in poverty, he was largely a self-educated man; his talents ripened late; his early experiences as an actor were little fitted to encourage ambition, but his passionate love of his chosen art and the ardour with which he pursued its practice conquered all difficulties.

The obscure youth who started life at nineteen on the stage of the old Sunderland Theatre, and was hissed off because he was too nervous to remember the few lines of an insignificant part, has died in his sixty-eighth year at the head of his profession.

SUCCESS OF MATTHIAS.

Irving's success dated from the moment when he played the part of Matthias. Like Byron, he could say that he awoke to find himself famous. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the unobtrusive friend of so many causes and so many people, recognised his genius and put her purse at his disposal. The friendship was one honourable to both parties. Directly Irving felt himself securely backed he planted his standard on the very summit of his art. The financial history of the Lyceum has yet to be written.

It was by no means all plain sailing, and the first run of "Hamlet" resulted in a heavy loss. But it posed the new star as a poetic and romantic actor of the first value. Irving found a worthy artistic mate in the person of Ellen Terry, who for more than twenty years has been associated with all his greatest triumphs, and whose services he never failed loyally to acknowledge. His elevation to the knighthood in 1895 was perhaps as popular an act of honour as Queen Victoria ever did. The whole country felt that a hitherto neglected art had been honoured in the person of a great artist and a true gentleman.

UNMATCHABLE CHARACTERS.

As an actor he had limitations which he himself did not always recognise. His personality was too strongly marked to permit him a very wide range of parts. Unmatchable in such characters as Louis XI., Eugene Aram, Dubosc, and Matthias of "The Bells," he had not the breadth and vocal force necessary to the presentation of the great traditional parts of Othello and Macbeth, though it may be freely admitted that his least successful impersonation always showed flashes of inspiration.

As a stage manager he was unsurpassed, and possibly unsurpassable. He revolutionised the art of lighting exterior scenes, and some of his sets, such as the orchard scene in "Much Ado About Nothing," the forest scene in "Louis XI.," and the view of the Thames with the barge awaiting the doomed Duke of Norfolk will long linger in the memories of all who beheld them.

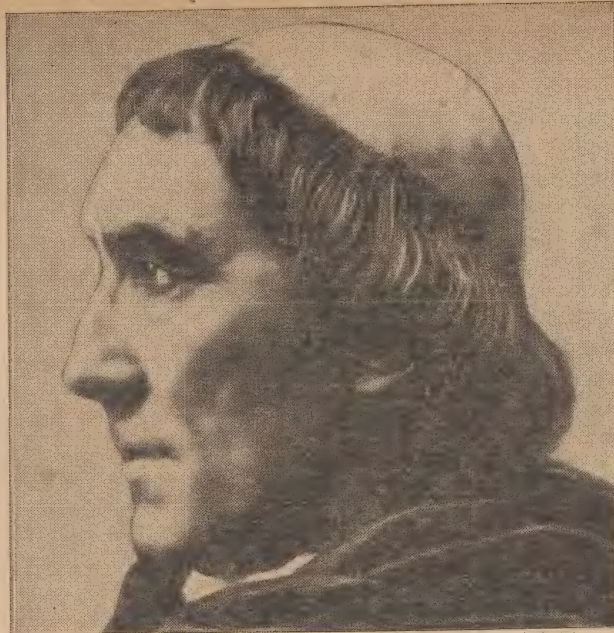
When, some years ago, M. Jules Claretie, the director of the Comedie Francaise, and then historiographer of the great troupe, visited London, he proclaimed, Mr. Irving as the greatest stage manager living. The late Sir Augustus Harris, as fine an artist as Irving himself in the realm of melodrama, was one of his most fervent admirers.

TOOLE—JOHN S. CLARKE—IRVING.



The well-known picture of Toole, Clarke, and Irving, by "Spy," of "Vanity Fair," which was presented to the Lotus Club, and is now the property of Mr. Philip Harris.

SIR HENRY IRVING IN HIS LAST PLAY.



Becket, in the great play by Lord Tennyson, was a favourite part of Sir Henry Irving's. It was this he played on Friday night, and he scarcely spoke after he left the stage, and died in less than an hour.

Of Irving's generosity to his professional brethren who had been less kindly treated by fate than himself endless stories might be told. Here is one, related to the present writer by a beautiful and gifted actress who died some years ago in terribly tragic circumstances. She, and her husband were touring in America. Their show was a failure from many causes. Their pieces were ill-selected, there was a great depression of trade, and they were both persistently dogged by ill-health.

At their wits' end for means to wind up their tour and return to England, they determined to write a joint letter to Irving asking for £300. At the earliest possible moment they received a cable saying that £300 were awaiting them at a New York bank, and offering them an engagement on their return to London.

OPEN-HANDED KINDLINESS.

Another authentic incident which illustrated Irving's open-handed kindness was related by an actor who had shared the poverty and obscurity of his earlier days in the country, and who died some years back a member of the Lyceum company. He had been out of an engagement for several months, and he and his family were on the brink of starvation. He met Irving, then in the first flush of success with "The Bells." Irving asked him if he had seen the piece, and, on receiving a negative reply, asked his old friend's address, and promised to send him a box. The voucher duly arrived that evening, enveloped in a bank-note for £20, and accompanied by a letter promising the old friend an engagement in the next Lyceum production.

Irving was singularly sensitive regarding his own personal peculiarities, and hated to have them imitated. He succeeded in getting an injunction against the late Fred Leslie, who, in the Gaiety burlesque of "Little Monte Christo," had introduced a really comic travesty of his style; and it was rumoured that he had also attempted to

burke the production of "The Vicar of Wakefield," in which the irresponsible drollery of Mr. Arthur Roberts was aired at his expense.

Yet when, at the same theatre, Mr. Henry E. Dixey introduced him in "Adonis," he made time, on more than one occasion, to slip across between the acts his own performance to the Gaiety, and one afternoon at a garden-party, hearing that Mr. Dixey was among the guests, insisted on his repeating the travesty, at which he laughed uproariously. "Am I really like that?" he asked. "I never knew before that I was so funny."

Both as an actor and a manager Irving was sufficiently great to enable us to speak the truth regarding him. He needs no borrowed plumes or dishonest puffery, and will rank in theatrical history as the worthy peer of Betterton and Garrick, Kemble, the Keans, and Macready.

He was absolutely free of certain delusions to which actors as a rule are prone, and always clearly that it was the play, and not the personality of any performer, which was the main thing for a manager to look to. "People don't come to see me," he often remarked. "They come to see 'Louis XI.,' or 'Faust,' or 'Hamlet.' No actor draws in a bad piece, or a piece the public don't care for." And yet, clear-sighted as he was in these respects, he was not a good judge of plays, as was proved by the fact that his excursions beyond the recognised classics of the boards—the plays of Shakespeare and Goethe—almost invariably resulted in failure.

KEEN AND ACCURATE JUDGMENT.

With a keen and accurate judgment of the merely literary value of dialogue, he had but poor powers as a judge of dramatic situation. His productions of "Vanderdecken," "The Cup," and "The Mad Doctor," his revivals of Watts' Phillips's "Dead Heart," and of George Coleman's "Iron Chest," illustrated this failing. "The Bells," perhaps his most distinguished success, was produced by Colonel Bateman, and "Olivia" scored its first success at the Court Theatre, some years before Irving produced it at the Lyceum with himself and Miss Terry in the principal parts. And it may be said that the tradition he has left behind him as a stage manager is not the healthiest possible influence.

The splendid accessories in which he took so great a delight were, after all, merely accessories. There is a marked tendency among the managers of to-day, trained in Irving's school, to regard gorgeousness of production as the be-all and end-all of the histrionic art.

But at his best he was a truly great actor. In the melodramatic style nothing finer has been seen on the European stage than certain moments of his performances. The scene in which Louis XI. finds himself alone with Nemours was unforgettable, the agony of craven fear which crept into the white face and shrinking figure of the old tyrant as he crouched above the dying fire and recognised the figure standing in the gloom beside him, his prayer for life, his mad appeal for help to his guards in the antechamber, and the final swoon on which the curtain fell, were positively painful in their terrible truth.

A great artist, a loyal friend, a good citizen has passed from among us, and the world is the poorer for the absence of Henry Irving.

How You May Recognize If You Are Suffering from any Uric Acid Trouble.

Article No. 3

Gout, gravel, rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, etc., are all diseases resulting from excess of uric acid in the system. It has been pointed out in previous articles that though uric acid is an absolutely natural waste product of the body it should be, and is, eliminated as it is produced if perfect health exists. If Nature fails to properly perform this function, discomfort, annoyance, and slight unpleasantness will arise, and if Nature is still left unassisted, graver troubles will follow in the near future. The recognition of the first signs that your system is failing in this important respect is therefore of great importance. If recognised, and the appropriate corrective applied at once, much subsequent pain and illness may be averted.

READ THIS PHOTOGRAPH CAREFULLY

If you notice that you have a feeling of irritation in the palms, ankles, or between the fingers, or experience a burning sensation on the skin, though without visible redness, you may take it for granted that in your case uric acid is not being properly eliminated. Possibly, again, you may notice small concretions on the outer rim of your ear, or observe little lumps under the skin of your arms, breasts, or legs. If so, these mean that uric acid is being retained, and will create trouble sooner or later. Acidity, heartburn, or flatulence after meals, a dull pain in the right side of the body caused by sluggish liver, a swelling, difficulty in bending, or tenderness of the joints and muscles are all evidence that uric acid is accumulating in the system.

THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD OF ELIMINATING URIC ACID FROM THE SYSTEM

The cause of uric acid troubles being clear, the next point is to discover what is the antidote. Evidently the right remedy will be one that will dissolve uric acid as it forms, and pass it out of the system so that it cannot do further mischief. Unless uric acid is removed your troubles will still continue, and no remedy can be permanently effectual that fails to do this. What will dissolve uric acid? Water will not do this, neither will aperients, but there is a remedy possessing this power. That remedy is Bishop's Varialettes.

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DRESSES WORN BY MISS EVELYN MILLARD IN "THE PERFECT LOVER" AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE.

LOVED AND LOST.

A BITTER EXPERIENCE, AND HOW TO MEET IT.

Among the many disappointments of life not one cuts more keenly at the time than the discovery that we have been deceived in someone we have loved and trusted, someone on whom we could have staked our life, someone to whom we gave the very best that was in us, and all of it. To receive a blow is a common phrase, but under such circumstances, it is just that which happens to us. We stagger under it as we realise that it means, not only the loss and the grief, but the knowledge that our faith is shattered.

It is probable that more women are jilted than men, and certainly women suffer most from the experience. To know that "men were deceivers ever" is no consolation. It is so damaging to a woman's self-love, lessens so greatly the respect of the world towards her, and leaves her so at its mercy to be jilted—to use this ugly word once more—that the misery of the sad affair is well-nigh unbearable.

This, Too, Will Pass.

And a trial like this usually comes at a time when a girl is too young to be a philosopher, too young to know she must not put all her eggs in one basket, too young to realise that "this, too, will pass." And so the world is one big desert of despair, and she thinks that she can never be happy again, much less trust anyone.

To be jilted is bad enough, but women could bear the process better if men would only be false in a well-bred way, instead of behaving like monsters. A man becomes engaged to a girl, possibly a poor one who has to work for her living, and after various promises and arrangements he leaves England, let us say, for South Africa, where, so soon as his position is assured, the girl is to join him.

Letters pass between them at first. Then there comes a pause in the correspondence, and she supposes him to be ill, and after piteous pleas for an explanation there comes a missive meant, perhaps, to be kind, but always cruel, and scarcely troubling to veil the fact that there is another girl in South Africa.

Sometimes, again, the man disappears as suddenly and completely as though he were wiped out of existence (except that he is known to be alive), after an amicable parting from his fiancée, leaving her without the slightest response to her letters, and ignoring even her desire to have her letters returned.

Live for Others Now.

The best way to bear this unhappiness is to determine to live it down, and show a brave face to the world. Don't neglect yourself, and don't hide yourself. Try to live outside yourself, and go where there are people to see and talk to. You will feel at first that you can't do it, but you must force yourself to go, for nothing restores a girl to a sane view of things, by which is meant the power of seeing facts in their true proportions, so much as intercourse with other human beings, who,

like ourselves, have trials and sorrows. Be patient and each day's duty faithfully done will bring some balm and leave you less restless and less bitter.

But you must act nobly and refrain from reci-

mination, accusation, and reproach; then you will have nothing to regret. Let your strongest desire be never to hurt anyone as you are hurt now. Let your own suffering serve to widen your sympathy and deepen your compassion for others. Many

of the noblest women of this world have been through this furnace of affliction and come forth strong for good, and to do good to others.



Depicted above are the toilettes worn by Miss Evelyn Millard in Acts II. and III. of "The Perfect Lover," produced on Saturday night in London. The one on the left is an "At Home" toilette made of ivory white crepe chiffon, decorated with lace, hemmed with sable, and just touched at the waist with a pale blue girde. The other is a gown and Empire coat matched by a hat and gloves, all of the loveliest shade of grey. The coat is lined with quilled chiffon tied with little Empire bows, and is made of drap mousseline.

ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

(Continued from page 10.)

earthly nature that should be stamped out. Stamped out!" she cried again, "and, fiercely, 'Crushed out with tears and prayers and penances, so that you grow to look upon it with loathing and thank God on your knees that He in His mercy has helped you to make yourself a little higher than the beasts!'"

This hysterical fury had the effect of making Sabra suddenly calm, collected, and sure of herself.

"Aunt Ursula," she said quietly, and very earnestly, "I am sorry the priest has been before me. I came to tell you this myself. It is quite true that I have seen much of Dick Dangerville, that I have ridden and driven with him, and entertained him in my uncle's house. It is also true that I am false to the spirit of my vow—if you choose to put it like that. And I have come to ask you to release me from the letter."

"To release you?" The low voice, so full of concentrated fury, was not raised by a single tone. "You dare to come here to ask me this! You want to marry this man? Are you mad, girl? Will you break the laws of man, as well as the laws of God? Richard Dangerville has already a wife!"

"He has no wife, Aunt Ursula. There—there was something wrong with the ceremony. Dick is free."

"And you are a backslider! You, a Vallence, will break your word!"

"The two pairs of purple eyes blazed at each other."

"I am no backslider, Aunt Ursula," said the girl. "I had no convictions. I merely gave you my

word, my promise, in return for what I asked of you. I will tell you the truth. I would never have given it if Dick had been free. He is the only man I love and would marry. He was bound to another, and, therefore, it was easy for me to give my word that I would be no man's wife. But the incredible has happened. Dick is free; and I want to be his wife—I want more than anything in the world."

Lady Ursula hardly seemed to breathe, so terrible was the storm that raged within her. Willingly, rejoicingly, she would have struck her niece dead—for the good of her soul.

She began to speak in a low voice, as if to herself, half-incoherently at first, and then with ever-increasing distinctness, and an anger that grew presently to hatred; her voice glowed with hatred

not only of the girl's fall from grace, but of the girl herself.

"Backslider! Backslider!" The word was constantly on her pale lips. "You have gone back to the world. You have been going back all this time—why did I never see it? Why did I trust you? You look different; you are different. Have I not watched your eyes growing brighter and your lips beginning to smile again, and thought in my blindness that you were growing nearer to the light? And all the time it was the world—the man!" Suddenly the beautiful voice rose to an inharmonious shriek. "Look at your gown—white as for a bride—and your roses. How dare you come here flaunting red roses, when you have renounced man and the love of man?"

Sabra had recoiled at the strident sound of the older woman's voice. But Lady Ursula was upon her in an instant, and, with a swift, fierce gesture plucked the great bunch of red roses from the breast of her gown and flung it to the ground, scattering a crimson rain of petals on the stone floor.

Sabra grew very white; her eyes blazed with anger. The flowers had been sent to her that morning from the Balliol hothouses by Dick. She had worn them as a sort of talisman, as a symbol, in this place where the only symbols were the child-like Madonna and the pale Christ hanging on the cross. She had worn them as a guard of love in the place from which love was banned. "Aunt," she cried, "will you release me from my vow?"

"No! No!" The voice was transformed, it quivered, vibrated, and ended on a note of fury. The purple eyes gleamed with a light that was more than fanaticism and nearer to madness. "Child, you are mad! You think only of your vile body. I must save your soul!"

(To be continued.)

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SATURDAY'S RACING.

Donnetta Scores a Fine Victory
for Sir Edgar Vincent in the
Duke of York Stakes.

Sir Edgar Vincent's Donnetta, in winning the Duke of York Stakes on Saturday, supplied further proof of her great ability as to speed and gameness, and incidentally showed how top-heavy and Kempton Park can be.

It had been said about Transfer that she would probably be capable of winning both the Duke of York Stakes and the Cambridge Stakes. The filly looked very well in her broken-coat, nervous, and keen. Moreover, she ran badly.

At one time it appeared that Transfer would be favourite, but she was superseded by Plum Centre and Chaucer—both of whom had a tremendous following. Transfer, Donnetta, and Nutwih also carried a lot of money, but the market did not hint that Challenger was expected to prove an efficient substitute for Glenamoy.

Velocity, at 20 to 1, had a quiet but confident following. Five times that race began about Pollion, whose presence in the field was indeed scarcely warranted. Pollion caused some slight delay at the barrier, but eventually Mr. Coventry effected an almost perfect start.

The fifteen competitors, raced in line, and at the end of a furlong scarcely two lengths divided front and rear. The draw for places at the post told with great effect on the fortunes of the game later on. The worst sufferer was Plum Centre, who lost considerable ground at the turn into the straight.

Velocity, Donnetta, Nutwih, Challenger, Lord Hastings, Chaucer, and Plum Centre were going with obviously excellent chances till the last named, who suffered from the bend. Donnetta secured a nice place on the rails, but for a few moments Velocity, in the centre, looked likely to win. He hung badly, and at the same time Chaucer got mixed among the struggling opponents.

Meanwhile Donnetta, one of the most consistent and game racers in training, went ahead and scored comfortably from Nutwih and Velocity. Plum Centre was putting in very strong work at the finish, and passed the winning post, close up to Velocity. It should be said that Nutwih was travelling very fast, and some good judges reckoned him unfortunate not to have wrested the prize from Donnetta.

It was a very popular victory, and no doubt was very gratifying to Sir Edgar Vincent, who had motored across from his neighbouring seat at Esher. The Duke of Devonshire and Lord Charles Montagu were present; Sir Frederick Johnston, Lord and Lady Alington came to see Plum Centre run. Lord Clonmel, Lord Enniskillen, Lord Rendlesham, and the Marquis of Cholmondeley (the latter Stewards of the meeting) were among the notable visitors.

Of the patrician none had a better day than Lord Camarvon, whose horses, Hegemony and Lady Honora, won their respective races. There was a very large attendance of the general public, and the weather was delightfully fine—continuous sunshine, crisp air, and blue skies. But the great majority of backers found the meeting expensive. It was excellent racing, but not a first favourite won.

Some of the failures were desperately close. None but the judge could say which of the four—Marconian, Atilageau, Parkmonte, and Barcelona Park—got first past the post in the Nursery Handicap. The last named of the quartet ran exceedingly well under a heavy weight, but like Velocity, could not quite win. Pickering's stable, no doubt, was recompensed for their defeat by the success of Gladstone in the Vauxhall Plate.

This filly, purchased the previous week after winning at Newmarket, now readily scored from Saturday's filly and others. She was sold for 300 guineas, as the young lady has a bit of a temper—for example, it is impossible to shoe her on the hind feet. Bridle Road, a failure in the Riverbank Handicap, goes forth to hurdle-racing, and will probably win in his next attempt.

It should not be forgotten that the good form shown by Nutwih recalls the Hurst Park race, and strengthens the claims of Merry Andrew for the Cesarewitch. Mountain Rose has been scratched. Warpage continues in demand, but there are all sorts of rumours current about most of the leading division. It would certainly not be advisable to back Princess Florist before Wednesday. One of the shrewdest divisions on the Turf had Admiral Breeze as its defeat were impossible and certainly the Doucater race points to such a conclusion.

GREY FRIARS.

SATURDAY'S WINNERS AND PRICES.

KEMPTON PARK.			
Race.	Winner.	Rider.	Price.
Heatway (11).....	Stephania.....	Randall.....	7 to 1
Nutwih (11).....	Macdonald.....	Higgs.....	100 to 1
DUKE OF YORK STAKES (handicap of 2,000 nos. One mile and a quarter).			
Sir E. Vincent's DONNETTA.....	5th.....	Blades.....	1
Mr. J. H. A. Marshall's NUTWIH.....	4th.....	8th.....	4th
Mrs. V. H. Jackson's VELOCITY.....			
Also ran: Santry, Thunderbolt, Whistling Crow, Challenger, Plum Centre, Lord Hastings, Chaucer, Magian, Transfer, and Lord Hastings.			
Betting:—Starting Line. Prices: 9 to 2 acent Plum Centre, 5 to 1 Chaucer, 20 to 1 Transfer, 10 to 1 Thunderbolt, 7 to 1 Donnetta, 100 to 1 Nutwih, 100 to 1 each Challenger and Lord Hastings, 20 to 1 Whistling Crow, 20 to 1 Magian, and Velocity, 50 to 1 each Kuroki and Chestnut, 66 to 1 Santry, and 100 to 1 Pollion. Sportsmen's prices the same. You by spectators of a fourth length between second and third. Plum Centre was fourth.			
Vauxhall (18).....	Gladstone.....	W. Sashy.....	10 to 1
Greatwood (18).....	Lord Home.....	W. Sashy.....	10 to 1
Apprentice (10).....	Hogsmay.....	Quinn.....	5 to 1
The above are "Sporting Life" prices; "Sportman" prices 100 to 100 to 100 to 1.			

HAYDOCK PARK.

Lodge (8).....	Incentive.....	Vivian.....	4 to 5
Willows (7).....	Talgath g.....	Murray.....	10.....
Autumn (6).....	Hong Kong.....	Scourge.....	100.....
Elfrida (6).....	Isle of Man.....	Wm. Griggs.....	100.....
Saturday (6).....	Snowberry.....	Wm. Griggs.....	Even.....
Park (4).....	Therapia.....	Priestman.....	2 to 3
The above are "Sporting Life" prices; "Sportsman" prices 7 to 10 Life of Man.			

LATEST LONDON BETTING.

THE CAESAREWICH.			
13 to 1—Baptist (10).....	100 to 1—Mervin (1).....	100 to 1—Mervin (1).....	100 to 1—Mervin (1).....
100 to 1—Wargrave (1).....	100 to 1—Cocky Lady (1).....	100 to 1—Cocky Lady (1).....	100 to 1—Cocky Lady (1).....
100 to 1—Admiral Breeze (1).....	100 to 1—Ranunculus (1).....	100 to 1—Ranunculus (1).....	100 to 1—Ranunculus (1).....
100 to 1—Baptist (1).....	100 to 1—Sergeant (1).....	100 to 1—Sergeant (1).....	100 to 1—Sergeant (1).....
100 to 1—Mervin (1).....	100 to 1—The Page (1).....	100 to 1—The Page (1).....	100 to 1—The Page (1).....
100 to 1—Mervin (1).....	100 to 1—Mervin (1).....	100 to 1—Mervin (1).....	100 to 1—Mervin (1).....

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